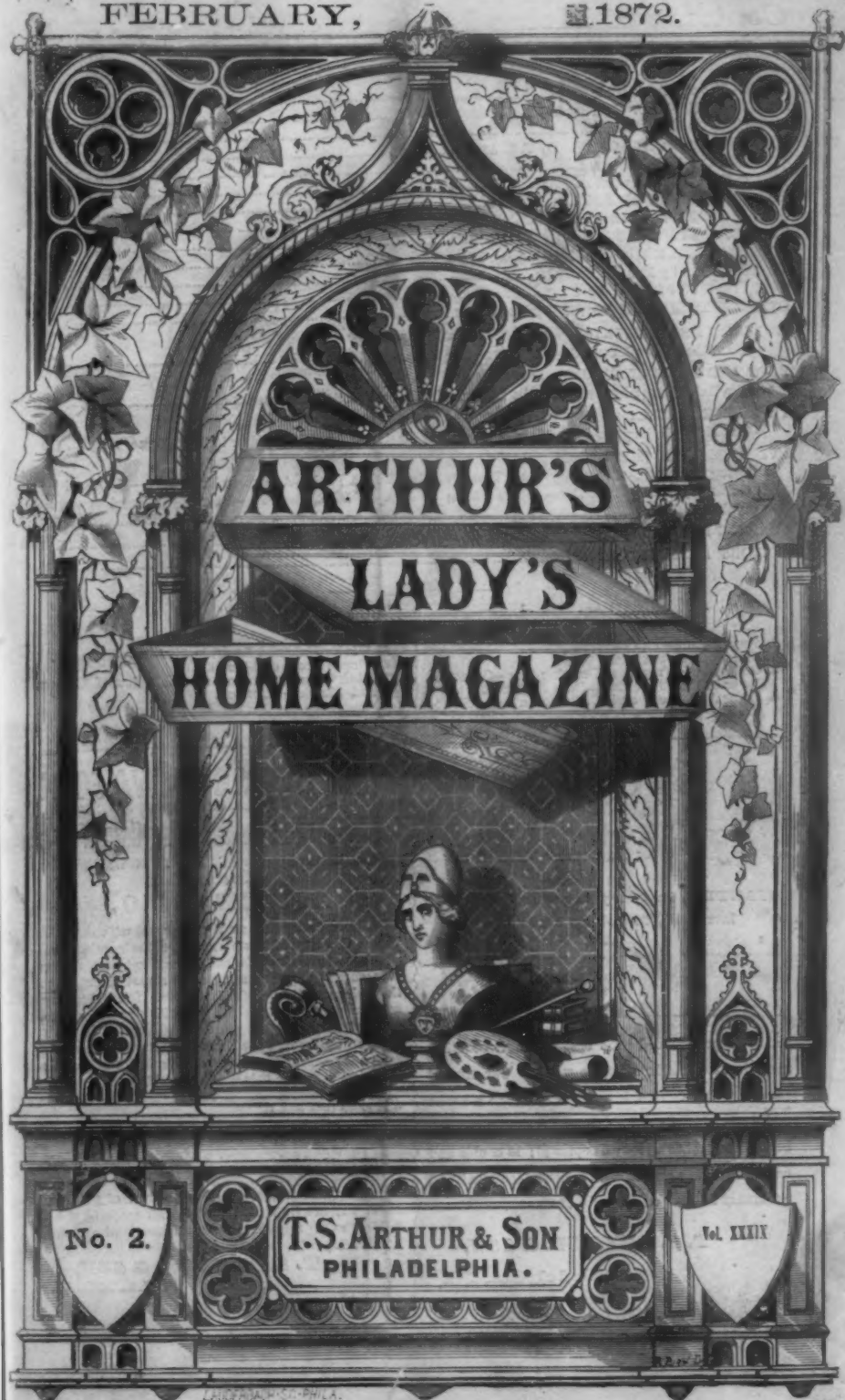


THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!
FEBRUARY, 1872.



ARTHUR'S

LADY'S

HOME MAGAZINE

No. 2.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XXIX

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR.

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5,000 Boys and Girls

WANTED, in every town and neighborhood, to get up clubs for



which is pronounced "the best and most beautiful magazine for children in the world." Our elegant Chromo "THE CHURCH MOUSE" is given to all who make up clubs. Send P. O. stamp for specimen number. Terms, \$1.25 a year; 5 copies \$5; 10 copies and one extra \$10. ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE" and "CHILDREN'S HOUR" one year for \$2.50.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

PREMIUM GOLD WATCH!

Ladies' Elegant Gold Hunting-Case Watch.

Manufactured by the celebrated U. S. Watch Co., and warranted.

PRICE, \$150.

We have just made an arrangement with the U. S. Watch Co. by which we can offer their celebrated watches as premiums for subscribers to "LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE." We have selected as a special premium their elegant \$150 Lady's Gold Watch, full plate, lever movement, 7 jewels, which we will give to any one who will send us

125 subscribers to the HOME MAGAZINE at \$2 each. For 100 subscribers at \$2 each, and \$15 in cash besides, we will send this beautiful gold watch.

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The price of this elegant watch, \$150, is the regular manufacturers' price.

Besides this watch, we offer a range of gold and silver watches from \$40 up to \$250, all made by the U. S. Watch Co. Special circular sent to all who wish to receive it.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
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THE FLOWER SIGNAL.

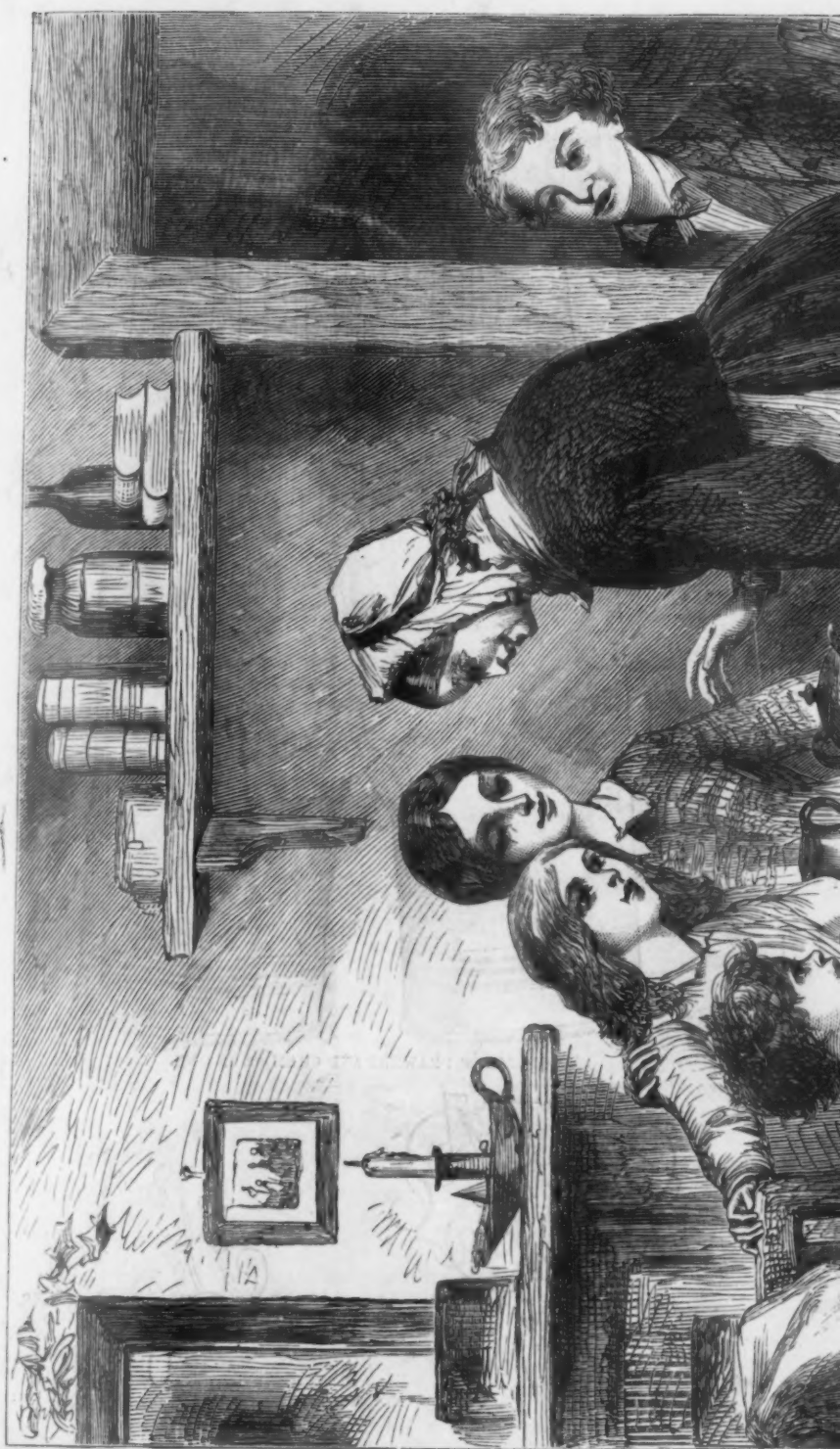


THE RAIN STORM.



LAWYER GRIDLEY AND JIM EWING.

(See page 94.)





THE MOTHER'S SURPRISE.



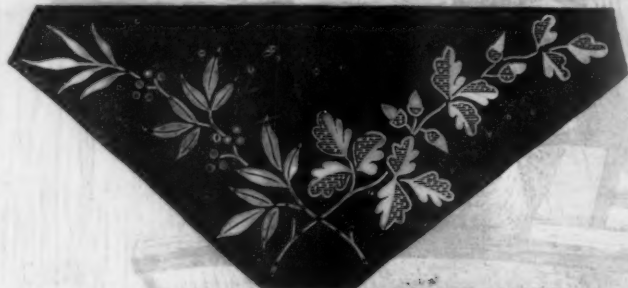
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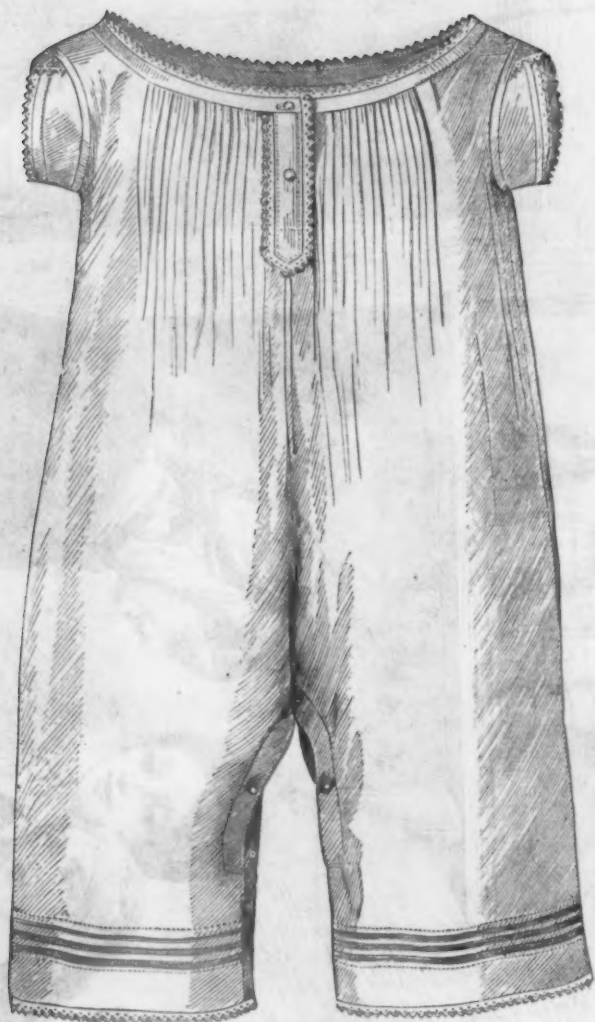
No. 2.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELLING DRESSING-CASE. (Open and Shut.)

This dressing-case is made of very thin kid, lined through with flannel, upon which is sewed pockets, and a band to hold all the necessary articles, as seen in No. 1. No. 2 shows it rolled up to place in trunk.



CORNER OF COLLAR OR HANDKERCHIEF (WHITE EMBROIDERY).



LADIES' DRAWERS AND CHEMISE IN ONE.



MONOGRAMS.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION DEPARTMENT

The season's most notable features are the new styles of hats and dresses. The hats are made of velvet and are adorned with large flowers and feathers. The dresses are made of silk and are decorated with intricate patterns and designs.

The new styles of hats and dresses are the most popular of the season. They are made of the finest materials and are decorated with the most beautiful designs.

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THE NEW OF HATS AND DRESSES



WINTER HATS AND BONNETS, 1872



HOUSE DRESS OF BLUE SILK,

made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with velvet bands; the upper one trimmed to correspond with a plaiting of silk on the edge. Plain corsage; open sleeves; the corsage trimmed with a plaiting of silk and velvet.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The usually cold weather of this month will require the heaviest wraps and the most wintry material for garments of all sorts. No one who owns furs will think of going out without them, and those who are so fortunate as to possess a fur cloak will not find it amiss. Seal skin is much worn this season, and astrakhan is next in favor. Cloaks, dresses, hats, and gloves are all trimmed with fur, sable ranking first, and black marten and fox skins coming before mink. Chinchilla is pretty for velvet.

For children, the pretty little sets of sacque and muff in white fur is pretty and inexpensive. For larger girls, the Siberian squirrel is worn as it has been so long.

It is almost too late in the season to give any special hints in reference to out-door garments, as most ladies have their wraps, suits and walking-dresses arranged for the season before this. But parties are now at their height, and evening-dresses are purchased and made at all times. Silks of the palest hues are used, and their white or delicately-tinted goods, such as China crape, tulle, or illusion, are equally worn.

High basques with Pompadour squares, or heart-shaped necks and half-long sleeves are worn for dinner and evening dresses, only the thinnest fabrics being made into low corsages.

Overskirts, when of crape, are of the exact shade of the dress. Demi-trains are worn for dinner and evening-dresses, but not on the street. Will our readers remember this. There is no sight so disgusting as a rich silk trailed half a yard or more behind the wearer, white with dust, and accumulating all the filth of the street.

For coiffures the chataleine braids are giving way to the large loose twist surrounded by a broad plait. This forms a species of coronet, visible in front, over which, if becoming, the hair is drawn.

The styles of hats and bonnets are so numerous that it is impossible to describe them. We give a number of illustrations of hats this month, which illustrations do not require any special description. They may be of velvet, felt or dark straw.



No. 1.—PINK CRÊPE DE CHINE BOW.



No. 2.—HAIR BOW OF RIBBON AND BLONDE.

No. 1.—This bow is made of one piece of crêpe de chine slit up in front, trimmed round with lace, and plaited up according to illustration, so that the upper rounded end turns over and forms fan-shaped revers.

No. 2.—Take twenty-four inches of two-inch wide red ribbon, twist it into a loose knot in the middle, and fasten it to one edge of a circular piece of stiff net, then pass the ribbon round the stiff net and twist the ends together at the opposite side. Make a rosette of blonde with an embroidered star for the centre of the bow and trim the ends to correspond.



INSERTION.

Music selected by J. A. GETZIE.

FAR O'ER THE STARS IS THY BEST.

WORDS BY E. W. M.

MUSIC BY FRANZ ABT.

Andante.

PIANO.

Far o'er the stars is thy rest!
Far o'er the stars is thy rest!

Far o'er the stars is thy rest!
Far o'er the stars is thy rest!

Cheer then, nor gloo - my fears bor - - - row,
Fear not this cold world un - feel - - - ing.

Patient en - dur - ing thy
Bear on, thy sor - row con -

sor - - - row,
ceal - - - ing.

Hopeful - ly wait - ing a mor - - - row,
Look to the hea - vens re - veal - - - ing.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1871, by F. A. Neave & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

Bringing sweet joy to thy breast. What though the promise de-
 Love, joy and hap - pi-ness blest. What though the dark clouds hang

lay - - - ing, Ev - er hope's whispers are say - - - ing,
 o'er thee, Bright grows the prospect be - fore thee,

Far o'er the stars is thy rest! Far o'er the
 Far o'er the stars is thy rest! Far o'er the

stars is thy rest!
 stars is thy rest!

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

SOPHIE MANSFELD:

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE FROM THE GERMAN OF A. NUTZELBURG.

BY MRS. LYDIA P. PALMER.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT passed in Sophie's heart, and the turn given to her fate, is best shown by her letter to her parents, written at that time:

"MY DEAR PARENTS: You have received many, many sorrowful letters from me. Destroy them; scatter them to the winds! For I am happy! I have forgotten the past. It is like a heavy dream on which one can only dimly reflect. I feel as if I had recovered from a long sickness of body and mind. My step is light; it is spring in my heart; it seems to me as if the voices of merry birds sounded continually in my ear. I weep often, but am at the same time inexpressibly happy. The world never looked so beautiful to me, except on that day when you gave your consent to my betrothal with Reinhold, and when, leaning on his arm, I walked out in the laughing landscape, and earth and heaven seemed to greet me. Destroy all former letters, dear mother; they are testimonies of a past of which nothing shall again remind me. And you, dear father, allow only this letter to be read to you. You couldn't see me if I were with you—and perhaps the time is not distant when I shall be. But place before your imagination a happy, laughing face, and you have that of your daughter. All will yet be well—I feel it!

"But I must try to think quietly, and give you a sensible account of what has happened; otherwise you will think I am beside myself.

"For several days after the scene in the painting-room, when a feeling of despair and a sudden irresistible power deprived me of self-control, I lived in the greatest excitement. I was threatened with severe illness, and was

obliged to keep my room. But the superintendent, Herr Krause, and Friedrich Rennert, came often to see me, and, though they rather blamed me for my impetuosity, they at the same time spoke encouragingly to me. They said the young Count Laniska—that is his name—is in high favor with the king, who they hope will forgive the count's violent expressions which Rennert's words called forth. At all events, as they thought, the king's attention was again drawn to me, and my situation couldn't be worse than it had been. Friedrich Rennert told me much good of the young count, and says he knows, from experience, that the king can easily pardon the faults of those whom he likes. The only person whom I fear is Salomon Wolf. He called the count an arrogant, power-seeking fellow, and was sure that the king would withdraw his favor and punish him; which, according to his view, he richly deserves. Wolf's remarks depressed me; yet I still hoped. That for which I had longed—the crisis—had come. And then I distrusted Wolf. I have never had courage to call him to an account, because I fear his treachery. But the suspicions which hang over his transactions between you and me must soon be explained.

"The superintendent informed me that Reinhold had called on him, and had declared his intention to go himself to the king, if my condition was not made more tolerable. The superintendent advised him to wait awhile until it could be seen how the king was affected by the occurrence in the factory.

"A week ago, the superintendent came and asked me if I felt well enough to speak with the count, who awaited me in his dwelling. I

answered that I was, and immediately followed him. When I entered the room, the count came to meet me, and, without giving me time to thank him, took my hand and inquired after my health. Then he requested me to give him a strict account of my former circumstances, of the manner of my being brought to Berlin, and of my present situation. He listened attentively and made a note of my answers. Then he asked for Reinhold's address. 'Be assured,' said he, 'that my friend Altenberg and myself will do all for you in our power. I have been led to passionate expressions; but I do not know that they have been repeated to the king; as yet his manner toward me is unchanged. I trust in his justice; for though in his zeal to carry out his plans, he is sometimes guilty of violent measures, he, nevertheless, is always ready, after quiet consideration, to make good his error. The manner in which you have been treated is a great wrong. That the king must and will see. If he does not, he is not the great monarch I have thought him to be, and whom, as such, I have admired and loved. To-day I shall present a petition to him, which asks justice and freedom for you.'

"He again averted my thanks with saying that it was every one's duty when he saw a wrong to try to remove it. When I returned to my room my heart had grown wonderfully quiet. It seemed to me that help must come through the influence of such a man. He had inspired me with the composure and trust that seemed to sustain his own soul.

"The next morning I went again into the painting-room and began a new piece of work. When Herr Krause saw it in the afternoon, he said: 'Demoiselle, that is the best I have seen from you!' I replied that I hoped henceforth to produce such, for the ban which had lain upon my creative genius was now dissolved. In three days I finished the vase and was congratulated by all on my design and execution. The superintendent promised to show it to the king, and at the same time gave me pleasant news concerning Reinhold. Count Laniska had called on him and renewed his promise to help me, and had also commissioned him to paint his own and his mother's portrait, and had encouraged him to hope for still other orders. Does it not seem as if a good angel had suddenly descended from heaven and driven away all bad spirits?

"But day before yesterday—that is the day which I must name as the happiest of my life, for I do not know that a joy so perfect will ever again fill my heart, that is the day, which I

hope to be able to say gave me back to you, to Reinhold, that lifted me from the grave into the blooming, melodious world. I was summoned to the superintendent's room where I found Count Laniska. As soon as I saw his face I knew that all was well.

"*'Demoiselle,'* said he, *'your fate is placed in your own hands. After what I have heard from the superintendent, I do not doubt but that the power to create the beautiful has returned to you and that you will be able to fulfil the conditions which the king proposes. Last Tuesday his majesty visited my mother. Up to that time nothing had betrayed to me that he had been informed of my recent expressions or that he had considered my petition in your favor. My friend Altenberg was present. The king conversed graciously with him, with my mother, and myself. We were speaking of matters relating to France, when the king turned to Altenberg and asked if his friend Wedgewood had a copy of the beautiful vase known as the Barberini or Portland Vase, and which was to be found in the British Museum. Altenberg replied that Wedgewood had a copy so perfect that it was scarcely to be distinguished from the original. "Well," said the king, "I have as yet no vase so beautiful, but hope to have one through the only means at my command. I expect after a few months to show a vase that will vie with the Portland Vase, and which I shall call the Prussian Vase. You look incredulous, Monsieur Altenberg! Possibly I am mistaken. We shall see! There is in my factory"—and with this the king fixed his eye on me—"a young artist of whose earlier work I have seen some very superior specimens. She is a prisoner of war; consequently must purchase her freedom of the conqueror. This she shall have, as soon as, instead of weakly mourning over her fate, she produces something which shall compare with her former executions. You see, monsieurs, I prize art equally with gold. A beautiful specimen shall be the ransom. The artist and also her friends should know that prizes of war are not given up without indemnity, and, moreover, that the king must be obeyed!"—These last words were pronounced with a sharper emphasis. I was startled for a moment, more because my mother became very pale, than from fear for myself. When a few minutes afterward he took leave of my mother in a very friendly manner, I felt no longer any anxiety. Yesterday, demoiselle, after the parade in Potsdam, the king said to me, that I might come to him at Sanssouci for the answer to my petition. I went, and was*

received by the king in his study. He was earnest, but not ungracious. "Laniska," said he, "I have known you from childhood. Were that not the case, I should place an evil construction on your words uttered in the factory. As it is, I believe they were only the outburst of momentary excitement, which I can understand in a young man, but at the same time must reprove. I hope you will show yourself a more obedient subject in future. The thing is now forgotten. Here is the petition. My answer will prove to you that where, as in this case, not justice but clemency is concerned, I know how to show the latter." I expressed my gratitude, and retired with a heart full of joy. Here, demoiselle, read yourself the resolution written by the king's own hand.

"Trembling with excitement, I took the paper and read the following:

"Any artist belonging to the porcelain factory, who, in two months from this date, shall produce the most beautiful vase, shall have permission to marry or not according to inclination, and also at any time to return to Saxony. The same, however, wishing to remain in the factory will receive an adequate compensation. The name of the artist who draws the prize will be written on the vase, which will be called the Prussian Vase.

'FREDERICK.'

"My heart beat violently, and I was unable to utter a word. I only heard as in a dream, that the count spoke kindly to me, that he said he would introduce me to his mother, and that I should see Reinhold.

"This is the news I have to send you. Rejoice with me, beloved parents! My happiness is in my own hands—how much more blessed is it so, than to owe my freedom to an act of grace! Yes, the king is good; I shall never again feel angry with him. His hand heals the wounds it has made.

"Now, dear parents, pray that my work may succeed. It seems to me that it must. For I feel as if my genius was unfolding, as never before. Others will work with me to whom also freedom is a great good, though they have not so much to gain as I have. Well, I will strive to win the prize not alone for my own sake, but because I know that my fate will determine that of my companions. I will collect all my power, and I thank God that it is not yet broken. Already the most charming designs float before me—it is as if freed from a wicked spell, they have awakened from a long sleep and are beckoning to me kindly.

"So, farewell. Perhaps in two months I

shall come to you with Reinhold. Give your happy daughter your blessing."

Sophie's second letter was written in the latter part of April.

"DEAR PARENTS: Yesterday the last of the vases for the exhibition was finished. Mine was ready several days ago. The king comes this morning from Potsdam to inspect the same. Count Laniska will also be present, and will immediately inform me of the decision. Reinhold is with me. Meantime I am writing to you with the hope of quieting, in some degree, my intense excitement.

"Forgive my long silence. It was impossible to write while my thoughts were so engrossed with my work. Never was a work pleasanter, nor at the same time more difficult. No design seemed to me noble and elegant enough, no color fine enough; I made alterations continually either in my mind or with my hand, exerting myself to create a work of art, which should unite the richest embellishment and the greatest variety with the most perfect harmony. The count's mother has sustained me with her counsel, and has assisted me with the suggestions of her fine taste. Since I was introduced to her I have spent one or two evenings each week at her house. In another hour I shall know whether I have labored in vain or whether my efforts have been successful. I feel completely exhausted and as if I could create nothing more. Reinhold comforts me; he says he has often felt so after a great effort. His portraits of the countess and her son promise to be excellent. He has besides orders from other members of the family.

"Whenever the king comes to Berlin he visits the countess in the most friendly way. He has never spoken of me, but the countess hopes to be permitted to present me to him when she is again at her home in Potsdam, and—when I am free.

"The only person who doesn't seem pleased with the turn my affairs have taken, is Salomon Wolf. I am convinced that he is a swindler; for when I asked him this morning why you hadn't received the money I sent through him, he gave reasons which Reinhold and myself consider mere evasion. Reinhold will investigate the matter as soon as my fate is decided. Meanwhile you have doubtless received what Reinhold sent you, and are thereby relieved from care."

To this Reinhold added the following:

"The count was just now here. He said that the king, after examining the collection of

vases, pronounced one of them to be not only the most beautiful of all, but also a perfect execution. It was Sophie's vase! God be praised!"

CHAPTER V.

On the last day of April there was an unusual stir in the painting-room. The officers of the factory, together with many other persons, lovers and judges of art, had come to see Sophie's vase. It was known that the king intended to send it to Paris as soon as it was burned, so those wishing to examine it, must do so before it was burned, or as the saying is while it was biscuit.

And even in this unfinished state, in which the brilliancy and harmony of the colors had not yet reached their full effect, Sophie's execution received the most general approval. The visitors crowded around the young artist with sincere and hearty congratulations. Sophie received these expressions modestly and gratefully, with silent lips, but with eloquent eyes.

She looked often toward the door as if expecting some one. Once as she saw Rennert at the same, who was occupied with carrying the vases to the oven, she went to him and pressed his hand.

"I am indebted to you for this happiness!" she whispered; "perhaps to you alone."

"Don't speak of it, demoiselle," said Rennert, cheerfully. "It is just what ought to be, and it has happened right fortunately. But for a time I was deathly anxious—there comes the count and his mother!"

Sophie hurried toward them and was received with affectionate greetings. The countess stood before the large, magnificent vase, like her son, lost in astonishment and admiration, while Sophie's eyes filled with tears.

"My dear child," she said, taking Sophie's hand, "I will not bestow my praise, where the king's decision has spoken so loudly; I will only say that it exceeds my highest expectation. I can imagine with what satisfaction the king will show this vase to foreigners. But consider, dear child, whether you can be persuaded to settle here with Herr Gerstorf. Without doubt his majesty will offer you the most favorable conditions, and here with their happy children, your parents would find a second home."

"I have already spoken with Reinhold about it," replied Sophie, "and our decision will be influenced by my parents' wishes. But I wish that Reinhold would come, for I want

him to write an inscription on the foot of the vase; I don't write well enough."

"I beg pardon, Demoiselle, but if that is necessary, it must be done immediately, for the things will soon be put in the oven," remarked Rennert, who stood near.

"August, you write prettily," said the countess. "Sophie, what inscription do you want?"

"Something that would please the king, and written in French," Sophie replied.

"Very well," said Laniska, after reflecting a minute. "Give me the pencil and colors, and show me where you want it written. Here, with white color on the blue ground? Good; that will not be so conspicuous, and still will not escape the eye. Please leave me alone a moment!"

Sophie stepped with the countess to another table. In a few minutes Laniska called to them that he had written the inscription. Sophie and the countess pronounced it excellent. Then Rennert, who had been waiting for the vase, asked permission to take it away.

"I am sorry Reinhold hasn't seen it," said Sophie. "But take it."

Rennert took the heavy vase and carried it out carefully. The countess entertained herself with Herr Krause, who drew her attention to other remarkable works of art. Soon Reinhold appeared in great haste. He had, as he said, been detained by a visitor and regretted very much that he had come too late.

"Perhaps it is still to be seen in the room before you come to that in which the oven is," said Sophie.

Reinhold hurried out, but soon came back saying that just as he reached the room a man stepped out and told him that the vase had just been put in the oven.

"Perhaps you can see it in the morning before it is sent to Sans souci," said the countess.

"August is proud that he has written the inscription. In this way his handwriting, at least, if not his name will obtain immortality. Dear Sophie, Herr Krause has given his permission for you to spend to-day just as you please, and says further, that you will, without doubt, in a short time receive officially your release from all further obligations to the factory. Will you, together with Herr Gerstorf dine with me to-day? To-morrow I shall move to Potsdam. Then it will be more difficult to see you, particularly, as you will soon begin to think about your journey to Saxony. So get your hat. We will ride an hour, and then meet Herr Gerstorf and my son at dinner."

Sophie hurried out of the room, her face beaming with joy and gratitude. Was not all well? Were not her boldest dreams realized? Was not this day the brighter after the long night

On the second of May, as Reinhold Gerstorf entered the factory, and was on his way to Sophie's room, the superintendent met him and said: "I regret it, Herr Gerstorf, but I must request you to leave the house immediately. The king commands that demoiselle Mansfeld shall be more strictly guarded than ever."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Reinhold, "what does it mean. I have just received the news from Potsdam from the Countess Laniska, that the count was arrested this morning and taken to Spandau!"

"Strange, strange!" said the superintendent, shaking his head. "Still, I can do nothing. I will visit you this evening and give you further information concerning your betrothed. But as regards yourself, I must forbid your entering the factory again. The king's order is so strong, that I cannot take the responsibility of receiving you in my own dwelling, ever."

Reinhold left the factory completely paralyzed in mind and heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Late in the afternoon of the same day on which Reinhold Gerstorf had sought in vain to see his betrothed, a carriage in which sat a lady and gentleman, drove up the eminence of Sans souci. They were the Countess Laniska and Albrecht Altenberg, the count's friend.

The countess, immediately after her son's arrest, had sent to the palace Sans souci, to ask if the king would receive her, and at what hour, and received in reply that he should expect her between six and seven. Altenberg had previously come from Berlin on receiving the announcement of the arrest. Both were serious, but seemed to be composed. The little they had to say to each other, had already been said. The countess had no suspicion of any crime on the part of her son, and Altenberg was sure that Laniska had done nothing to merit such kingly displeasure.

Their thoughts were directed to the veil that concealed the grounds of this unhappy occurrence, and which in a half hour must fall. Both, investigated within themselves all sorts of possibilities. Once Altenberg shook his head, as if he had again come to the same

conclusion, and then said decidedly: "No, he is innocent!"

"I can think of only one possibility," replied the countess, while her large blue eyes looked sadly into the hazy sky. "In a moment of excitement he may have allowed himself expressions, similar to those he once uttered in the factory."

"That I cannot believe!" returned Altenberg. "He has for some time been so delighted about the happy turn which the fate of his protegee had taken, so in raptures over the king's generosity, that he was almost angry with me, because I expressed some scruples about the form in which it had been bestowed. I found that I must be very cautious in my remarks not to offend him. A change of this sort, at least, couldn't have come over him."

"God grant it!" returned the unhappy mother. The carriage stopped before the gate. Altenberg gave the countess his arm, and led her to the door of the royal palace.

The servant who had heard of the young count's disgrace, received the countess with a shy respect, between his former officiousness, and his awakened disdain of fallen greatness. The noble woman took no notice of it, but stepped with dignified bearing through the simple rooms of Sans souci to the picture gallery, where she was received by Schöning, the King's chamberlain.

"Gracious countess," said he, after he had placed two chairs in the middle of the hall; "I know nothing of what has happened. I only heard his majesty say to himself, this morning, as he stood at the window: 'Who else could it be?' And I supposed that the remark referred to your son, because the king had just been informed that he was arrested. Aside from this, his majesty is in a pleasant mood."

He opened the door and stepped into an adjoining cabinet. A moment after Frederick appeared upon the sill.

It is well known that the king often wrote in full uniform, even with his hat on, and his cane at his side. In this manner he presented himself to the countess who awaited him standing, and bowed low. Frederick took off his hat, and said earnestly: "Good-evening, madame! Be seated." The last words were somewhat hastily repeated, as the countess continued standing. She dropped upon a chair.

"Madame," said Frederick, as he seated himself opposite her, and rested his hands on the head of his cane; "madame, I regret the occasion that has led you here. But I have

been deceived in your son; he has requited the favor I have always shown him with ingratitude, which is the blacker that it is concealed by an appearance of deep devotion, and only vents itself upon me in secret. I have before called your attention to that Englishman, whose talent I acknowledged, but who is not able to judge our affairs correctly. It seems my warning has been in vain. I can only explain the unworthy manner in which your son has sought to express his animosity for me, and to disgrace my name, by attributing it to his intercourse with that man."

The king paused a moment. The countess's eyes were fixed rigidly upon him. His words must have sounded to her like a death sentence.

"I will explain, madame," he continued. "The preliminaries are unnecessary, as you are already acquainted with the affair of the Saxon artist, Mansfeld, into which your son has been drawn by an evil destiny. This artist's work had uncommonly pleased me. I was proud of it, and resolved to send it to Paris to a friend of mine, a very learned man, that I might hear his opinion of it, and also show the French what we can do. Last evening the commissioner, Salomon Wolf, brought the vase to this gallery. I wanted to send a few other things with it; the Jew was busy packing them. I, meanwhile, was examining a newly-received picture. When I again turned toward Wolf, he called my attention to the inscription on the foot of the vase. I read it with pleasure, and asked him who wrote it. He answered, Count Laniaska. Is it so, madame?"

"It is," said the countess, while anxiety and uncertainty were depicted on her noble features. "I was present when my son wrote it."

"And your son composed the inscription?" asked Frederick.

"Yes, your majesty; and I thought it sensible and to the point."

"Do you recollect exactly how it read?"

"Yes, majesty; it was: 'To the perpetual remembrance of Frederick the Great.'"

"That fully confirms Wolf's statement," continued Frederick. "While thinking how I could requite this testimony of your son's esteem, I had turned again to the new picture—the one that leans against the wall there—when I heard the Jew exclaim in a startled tone: 'Father Abraham!' I looked at him, and was struck with his attitude. He stood with a cloth in his hand and his eyes fixed rigidly upon the vase. When I asked what had happened, he made no reply, but repeated

his exclamation. I stepped nearer, thinking he must have injured the vase in some way. I examined it closely, and immediately saw that another word had become visible—the word: 'Tyrant.' This was to have perpetuated the remembrance of Frederick the great tyrant, if an accident had not removed the veil which concealed the mocking word. This accident has come sooner than your rash son expected. He will have six years in Spandau to repent of his insolence and the weakness with which he yielded to the caprice of the moment. For your sake, madame, I have made the punishment much lighter than I should otherwise have done. After the expiration of the six years, he will be dismissed from my service. I, however, shall continue to visit you as usual, to show the world that I consider you free from blame in the matter."

The king had spoken quietly, except that when he repeated the inscription with the word "Tyrant," his eye had sparkled with anger. He now arose, and with a hasty bow left the room.

The countess sat motionless. What she had heard seemed like a dream. She had not a single definite thought. Was it then possible? Had her son, influenced by a spite which she had thought conquered, and which had been only momentary, really committed this act?

Schöning's entrance aroused her from her stupefaction. She arose, but tottered.

"Take my arm, gracious lady," said the chamberlain, respectfully.

"Thank you, Schöning," said she, and allowed him to lead her from the room.

Altenberg, who awaited her at the door, must have read in her manner something besides pain and anxiety, for his face assumed a particularly gloomy expression. The countess spoke not until she was in her own house, when she repeated as nearly as she could remember the words of the king.

"Lady countess," said Altenberg, after he had listened attentively to her relation, "I know what is going on in your heart. You believe it possible that your son may have written that word, and, following the king's thoughts, you look upon me as an accomplice. Like the king, you think my influence over your son greater than it is. And had it been as you suppose, I would never have used it to incite my friend against a monarch, to whom he is indebted for so many favors, and whom I myself highly esteem. Madame, your son never wrote that word! He is incapable of such an act; and I will do my utmost to prove

it. From this moment my friend's fate shall be mine! Allow me to visit you next Tuesday evening."

"Forgive me, Altenberg," said the countess, giving him her hand; "if I even for a moment admitted that my son's friendship for you had become the cause of his unhappy fate. The terror which the king's words inspired had quite benumbed me. Yes, August is innocent—I feel it! But for Heaven's sake, Altenberg, who can have been guilty of such shameful perfidy—and how will you discover it?"

"Leave it to me, gracious lady," said Altenberg, decidedly. "Your son has not written that word; consequently some one else has; and I will find the person even if he is hidden in an abyss. I will not rest, I will have no other thought until my friend is proved innocent."

He kissed her hand and left the noble woman, from whose sorrowful eye quickly vanished the ray of hope which had for a moment illumined it.

CHAPTER VII.

The next Tuesday evening, immediately after the lighting of the candles in Countess Laniska's saloon, Albrecht Altenberg was announced. The countess received him in a room adjoining the saloon.

The young Englishman was serious but composed. His first question was about his friend. "I have received a short letter from him," said the countess, "in which he begs me to be quiet, says he is ignorant of the cause of his imprisonment, and has done nothing either by word or deed to deserve it. He adds that he hopes soon to be released."

"My friend's communication corresponds with my expectations," said Altenberg. "A letter which I directed to him and gave with my own hand to the Governor of Spandau, has been returned to me. That shows that he is strictly guarded. I should turn to the king, if I did not hope to prove August's innocence without his especial favor."

"You hope it?" exclaimed the countess, while the color came to her pale face.

"Yes, I hope it!" returned the Englishman. "But allow me to be silent, for the present, gracious lady! I do not like to talk about plans that are not fully matured. I bring you Herr Gerstorff's compliments. As might be expected, he is in deep despair, unable, as he told me, either to work, think, or hope. The fate of this pair is truly lamentable. I was in

the factory and talked with the superintendent. He would not permit me to see Demoiselle Mansfeld, but told me that she was indescribably wretched, and that they feared the worst for her. I think, gracious countess, it would be well, if you and I should beg of the king to grant this young girl, who, at all events, is innocent, a little more freedom. It would be some consolation to her if she could see her betrothed. Even though his majesty holds to the conviction that your son is guilty, your testimony must have shown him that Demoiselle Mansfeld had no part in the matter. Before August's innocence can be proved, and particularly if it should not happen soon, this noble, talented girl may have become a perfect wreck."

"You are right! I have thought the same, but have not ventured to write to the king," said the countess; "but when he comes this evening—"

"Do you believe he will come?" said the Englishman, interrupting her.

"Certainly," was the reply. "He has promised to come, and will keep his word."

"Good!" said Altenberg. "In that case we may find an opportunity to speak with him in behalf of the poor girl."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of guests. Soon the saloon was filled. They gathered around the countess to express their heartfelt sympathy. All were convinced of the count's innocence, and spoke their minds the more freely that they were not aware the king was expected. The countess sat not far from the entrance-door. Altenberg stood near her but said little. The unhappy mother had just repeated her conversation with the king to a newly arrived guest. Scarcely had she uttered the last word, when Altenberg, whose eye had rested for a moment on the door, turned to one of his neighbors.

"Yes, it is indeed hard," he cried, in an elevated tone, "to be robbed of freedom, for weeks, months, perhaps for years, without even knowing of what one is accused. One cannot think of anything more shocking than those French *lettres de cachet*, which allow a man to be seized and immured between prison-walls, and his sorrowing family never to know what had become of him. I will not compare this case to the French order of arrest. The king thinks that Count Laniska is guilty of a crime. But he only thinks so, and the prisoner, who, as I hear, is ignorant of the cause of his arrest, is allowed no opportunity to justify himself. How fortunate that in my country no one can be de-

prived of his freedom without knowing the cause!"

All looked at the bold speaker, whose eyes flashed with determination.

"And not alone that!" continued Altenberg. "Not alone that, only a short time is allowed to elapse between the arrest and the examination—there is still another advantage on the side of the accused, that not professional men and scholars, who know little of life, but citizens of his own class sit in judgment over him. Judges are only men, they learn, what is to be learned, and when they are conscientious, they will decree what they consider just. But how many cases there are, of which scholarship alone does not qualify one to judge. How many in study, in the mechanical routine of business, preserve the healthy, clear glance which is necessary to penetrate a web of details? Let us suppose a case. A man in this country is accused of a crime. The examining officer announces the same to the judge, accompanied with his own views of the case; thus the judge has, from the beginning, a prejudice in favor of or against the prisoner, of which he is not able to rid himself during the whole transaction. Owing to his position in life, he is ignorant of a thousand particulars, which might, perhaps, lead to a different apprehension of the case. For this reason I extol England on account of her jury. There the accused is brought before his equals, before irreproachable citizens of various conditions, who are familiar with all the circumstances of ordinary life. They hear the accusation of the king's attorney, and the reply of the advocate for the defense. They are allowed to ask the witnesses any question which seems to them calculated to throw light on the case, and in this way form their opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, which must at all events be more correct than that of two or three men who know little of practical life. It is possible that the guilty is sometimes pronounced innocent. But if we are to choose between two evils, shall we not take the lesser? Does it not weigh infinitely lighter in His scale, who lets the sun shine on the righteous and the unrighteous, to acquit the guilty than to condemn the innocent?"

A whisper of approval passed through the assembly.

"Would Heaven," said the countess, in a low and tremulous tone, "that my son could be judged by a court so favorable to suffering innocence!"

"And would Heaven," cried Altenberg, "that I might be permitted to lead the de-

fense! I should have no doubt about the result, for I am convinced of his innocence. If I should not succeed in proving it, I would agree to share his punishment."

"Very well; I will take you at your word!" said a clear, sharp tone.

All started; for all had recognized the king's voice. Even the countess was alarmed. Only Altenberg, whose pathetic tone and gleaming eye alone manifested his inward emotion, retained his composure. Bowing to the king, whose entrance had been perceived by no one—unless by Altenberg himself!—he stepped one side to make room for his majesty.

Frederick greeted the countess kindly, and then beckoned to Altenberg. The Englishman approached.

"I have heard all," said the king, looking the young man steadily in the eye. "I will not refer to your remarks about the English jury. I will only ask if you are willing to plead Count Laniska's cause, and to pledge your own person for the success of the same?"

"With your majesty's permission, I will stand by my word," said Altenberg, with unshaken firmness.

"Count Laniska is sentenced to six years imprisonment," returned Frederick. "You will share this punishment if you do not succeed in proving his innocence. You have yourself proposed this, and I accept the conditions, because I believe that the count, if he is guilty, has become so through your influence. Moreover, I shall be very happy to have you convince the judge of your friend's innocence. As his attorney, you will be allowed all the privileges of an English attorney. Thus your wish is fulfilled. May the result correspond to the confidence you have in yourself and in your friend. You have now the power in your own hand to correct what you have so severely censured."

"I thank your majesty," said Altenberg, bowing low. "I will venture one more request. It is customary to allow the attorney to confer at least once with his client. Will your majesty permit me to visit Count Laniska?"

"It is a new condition, but I see the justice of the demand, and therefore consent," said Frederick. "The governor of Spandau will receive orders to grant you two hours' conversation with Count Laniska. The result of the same, however, will not change what we have agreed upon. You will remain responsible for your assertion."

"I hope to have no cause to waver in my

resolution," replied Altenberg, "and thank your majesty for allowing my request. I would gladly add still another, which concerns a person who has no share in this accusation. I think Countess Laniska will join me in this request."

Frederick's brow contracted for a moment. Then he said: "What is it?"

"Demoiselle Mansfeld. Your majesty, at the time when you believed her to be an accomplice, ordered her to be held in the strictest custody. Now, as I hear, your majesty has been informed that Count Laniska wrote the inscription by his own promptings, and without any previous agreement with her. Your majesty will not let the innocent suffer with the guilty. The artist has fulfilled all your conditions. She has produced a work that excites your admiration; of what has since happened she can know nothing, and probably up to this moment does not know the cause of her severe treatment."

"I will consider the matter," said the king. "Do you join in this request, countess?"

"With my whole heart; for this young girl has won my love and sympathy."

"You shall know my decision to-morrow," said Frederick. He then turned to another group, and shortly after left the saloon.

(Concluded next month.)

NOTHING TO DO.

THERE is an old saying that "Idleness is the mother of mischief," and another equally true, "Prevention is better than cure." So I thought one day, when, on entering a poor, crowded cottage, I found two unhappy little twins crying, one on each side of the fire-place. They had been ordered to sit there on the floor, like statues, because they were "always in the way." On inquiry, this proved a simple case of being "naughty," because they had "nothing to do." The father, a tailor, was at work mending some old garment on a large wooden box; the baby, happily, was asleep on the family bedstead; and the mother, busy in household work, was angry with the small pair of children, and had beaten them, because it was contrary to child-nature to "be quiet," and do nothing.

I felt sorry for these active little people, and, by sending them some old toys out of my nursery, and an old box to keep them in, made a change for the better in the comfort of all that family, beginning with the first offenders.

Mothers make a great mistake when they expect their children to be "good" without

employ—in other words, without *something to play with*—and I hope to be excused if I make a few very humble suggestions on this branch of cottage economy.

Very small things are great pleasures to these little people. They have lively fancies as well as active limbs. The whole filling up of a long wet day's amusement may be found in a few dozen bits of board cut into long squares by their father at night; or in a few broken bits of colored earthenware, and a few small bits of stick to make pretence fires; or in a few clean, and, if possible, bright or white pieces of stone or pebbles; common shells, even cockle or mussel shells, are an excellent addition. These I have seen made into houses, and little household fancies wrought out with them for hours by groups of quiet, happy children.

Such things cost nothing; and if for a great treat, and where it can be afforded, a box of ninepins is added, or a small Noah's ark, a "family" is at once provided for the mimic house. Even a few empty cotton spools are valuable inmates for such an establishment.

The advantage of such simple kind of toys is that they never tire, but are returned to day after day with new pleasure, because the fancy has been employed in them. Each time they are used brings out some new idea in the little minds of the owners. And owners they must be. Their worthless wealth must not be thrown away—not called *rubbish*. To them it becomes great riches; for it represents ideas found only in the active mind of childhood. Let there be a permitted corner for such outlay, and a bag or old box to put the treasure into when done with, and it will come out fresh another day.

I could wish that any one who despises such plain suggestions could overhear, as I have often done, the bright, pleasant, chirpy talk that goes on while such "gays" are being "righted up" in the corner of a kitchen—the only room, perhaps, of the poor—or on the bright summer days, in the little garden, under the shade of the trees, or among the flowers. How much better for the busy mother thus to provide for the harmless amusement of her children, than to leave off work every now and then to slap or scold them for getting into mischief.

To be busy is an instinct of our human nature. It is well to guide it, but worse than useless to fight against it. The happiest children are not those who have the most costly toys. I believe none is happier than the poor man's child, wisely and kindly treated, whose simple toys, costing almost nothing, are such as I have named, and are *felt to be his own*.

HE GOT THE WORST OF IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE case went to the jury after three days' hearing of testimony, and arguments by counsel. Then came an hour of anxious suspense, followed by a verdict for the plaintiff.

My eyes were upon Harlow. I saw the color go out of his face, and his lips shut tightly. I was by his side as he left the courtroom.

"This is bad for you," said I.

"But worse for him," he answered, a single throb of pain in his otherwise steady voice.

"Ah! You will have retribution for this great wrong?"

"No; I am hurt enough already. I want a little season of rest for the recovery of my strength; then I shall trust, like nature after some terrible storm, to the gentle rains, dews, and sunshine. I shall not seek redress or retaliation, but leave my enemy who has wickedly done me this great wrong to reap as he has sown. He will have the worst of it. I am sure of that. There is ever a curse in ill-gotten gain."

"Your loss will be very heavy," said I.

"I was rich yesterday; I am poor to-day," he answered.

"But you will appeal."

"No. The letter of the law is on his side, and gives him the power to rob me. I will not waste time and strength by a prolonged contest, but abandon the field, and with a clear conscience and trust in God, make a new start in life."

"It is hard," I could not help saying.

"Yes; it is hard; but"—his voice grew impressive—"it will go harder with him than with me. As there is a blessing in every right act, so there is a curse in every evil act. Men go through life, blessing or cursing themselves with every step they take. He will have the worst of it, you may be sure. Why, sir! I would not exchange places with him, if his large fortune, to which he has just added my small estate, were multiplied a hundred fold."

Harlow meant what he said. No one who looked into his face, or heard the sound of his voice, could doubt that.

The plaintiff in the case just decided was a Mr. Stephen Carriere, who had discovered a flaw in the title-papers of a valuable piece of property owned by Mr. Harlow. This prop-

erty had been sold, forty years previously, by his father to the father of Harlow, but before the deeds were signed, Mr. Carriere died. His youngest child, Stephen, was but ten years old at the time. The administrators, one of whom was the widow, regarding the sale as decidedly advantageous to the estate, executed the deeds, and Mr. Harlow took them without suspicion of any legal informality, and paid down the purchase-money. It was his first real estate transaction, and as he was a straightforward, thoroughly honest man, no doubt or question arose in his mind. It never occurred to him that it would be prudent to have the title-papers examined by some one skilled in all matters relating to landed estates. He took the deeds as he would have taken any receipt for the payment of money, and felt that all was secure.

For many years Mr. Harlow lived on this property, which, at the time he bought it, was nearly a mile from L——, a flourishing village of a thousand inhabitants. It cost him the sum of three thousand dollars, and most of his neighbors thought the price too high. At his death it passed to his widow and only child Henry. In the meantime, the village of L—— had become a city, and was pushing the country back with its advancing rows of houses, and long lines of paved streets. A change came over the little farm, in the culture of which hard labor had for many years won honest bread. The old homestead was left to decay; fences were broken down; the fields neglected. But a new crop began to spring up here and there, bounded by streets instead of fences. The town was coming into the country. Houses were growing apace.

Said Mr. Stephen Carriere, who inherited from his father's estate many fields quite as large as this one, each of ten times its value: "It was a great mistake in the administrators to sell this property."

He was standing opposite a row of half-finished houses that Mr. Harlow was building, and spoke to his legal man of business.

"The sale, I think, was made before your father's death, and only confirmed by the administrators," was the reply.

"Could they confirm it before the youngest child was of age?" asked Carriere, turning

sharply round on the lawyer, as if a new thought had struck him.

"That would depend on certain contingencies. I cannot answer the question until I know all about the transaction."

"Will not an examination of the records in the clerk's office give the information we want?"

"I presume so."

"Then make the examination, and with as little delay as possible," said Carriere.

"But," said the lawyer, "even if a flaw should be discovered, you would not dispossess Mr. Harlow."

"Wouldn't I?" and an evil light burned in his eyes. "Let me find the flaw, that is all."

The lawyer found the flaw, and he found more; but he was as grasping and unscrupulous as his principal, and kept his own counsel for his own use.

As we have seen Mr. Harlow's title to this property was defective, and the law gave it to Mr. Carriere, who already counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands.

A great deal of surprise and indignation found vent during the few days immediately succeeding the decision of this case. Mr. Harlow was highly esteemed in the community; while Mr. Carriere was far from being a favorite. Most men pitied the former and execrated the latter.

I called on Mr. Harlow one evening, a few days after this darkening of his fortune, and found him in the midst of his family and far more cheerful than I had expected. There was not much to indicate the trial through which they were passing. Its chief sign was the strength of will, and firmness of tone manifest in both Mr. and Mrs. Harlow, as if they had nerved themselves for some earnest work that lay before them, and meant to do it with brave, strong hearts.

Said a friend who came in: "There's been trouble over at Carriere's, I'm told."

We all pricked up our ears at this.

"They say," he continued, "that he and his wife have had a dreadful quarrel, and that she has gone to her father's."

"A quarrel!" exclaimed one and another.

"Yes."

"What about?"

"That's the strange part of it," was answered. "It is said that it grew out of your case," and the speaker turned to Mr. Harlow. "Mrs. Carriere knew nothing of the suit brought against you until it was decided, and then she learned of it from parties who could not conceal their

opinion of the case. Warm words passed between the husband and wife. Mrs. Carriere could not conceal from her husband how deeply her soul revolted at his cruel and dishonorable selfishness; and her feelings leaped to utterance in strong sentences. 'The property is not ours; we have no right to it; it is robbery!' she is reported to have said. And so the quarrel grew to a fiery antagonism that has driven them asunder."

"He has the worst of it already," said I, speaking to Mr. Harlow.

"The worst of it to him no human eye will ever see," answered Harlow, without any sign of exultation in his voice. "The curse of a wrong act, deliberately done, goes very deep," he added.

While we were talking over this unhappy circumstance, Mr. Carriere's legal man of business was sitting at a table in his own office, making a close, but hurried examination of certain papers that were spread out before him. There was a knock at his door—

"Come in," he cried, at the same time rolling up the papers and thrusting them into one of the table-drawers.

A man rather coarsely dressed pushed open the door and entered. He was about forty; low of stature, but compactly built, and walking with a firm, self-reliant step. His face, that bore evidence of exposure, was strongly marked; and you saw a sleeping fire in the ashes of his dull, gray eyes.

"Ah! Mr. Ewing!" and the lawyer, whose name was Horace Gridley, arose and welcomed the visitor with a cordiality that puzzled him a little.

"Here, take this seat," and he drew a chair to the opposite side of the table from that on which he had been sitting.

Mr. Ewing sat down, leaned his elbows on the table, and looked across into Gridley's face, curiously.

"You wished to see me?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes."

"What's up? Nothing against my little bird's nest, I hope. It used to belong to the Carriere property."

A shade of uneasiness crossed the man's weather-marked face.

"No, you're too small game for my falcon," answered the lawyer, with a shrug.

"What is it, then?" asked Ewing.

"The Ewings came to this part of the country before the Carrieres?" said Gridley, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir. My great grandfather was one of the oldest settlers hereabouts."

"And took up land?"

"Yes, sir. He once owned the ground we stand on and miles around into the bargain."

"Ah, indeed!" Gridley knew that already, for all his expression of surprise.

"Didn't your grandfather sell to Carriere's grandfather?"

"Of course he did. How else would the old fellow have got the land?"

"Exactly. Carriere bought from Ewing."

"But what are you driving at, Lawyer Gridley?" asked Ewing, a sudden flash in his dull eye, and a quiver in his solid frame.

"I hardly know myself," replied Gridley, trying to draw about him a cloak of indifference.

"It isn't like you not to know," was the blunt response. "You didn't send for me for nothing. What's up? I'm downright and straightforward. Everybody knows where to find Jim Ewing; so talk it out, Lawyer Gridley."

"Pshaw!" said Gridley, with some impatience. "You're like a hungry gudgeon at a worm."

"Ah! there's a bait, then?" answered Ewing, with a shrewd twinkle in his gray eye; "and a hook, of course. But, as I'm not a fish worth your taking—only a gudgeon—the bait is for another. Well, I'm here, at your call, Lawyer Gridley; and you'd as well come to the point and not beat round. I know B from a bull's foot, I reckon. No man ever draws wool over my eyes, and it's no use trying."

"Very well, Jim, let's to the point," said Gridley, who knew his man a little better, perhaps, than his man knew himself. "I've stumbled on a chance of doing you a good turn."

Ewing's face lighted up suddenly.

"And myself at the same time, provided—"

"What?" queried Ewing, seeing the lawyer pause.

"Provided you are willing to pay me for the service. I lay no claim to disinterested benevolence." He said this slowly and emphatically.

"All right. Give and take; that's the rule. Don't care to be under obligation to any one. Now talk it out, lawyer. What's the good turn and what's to pay?"

"Not so fast, Jim. Now listen. It was through me that Carriere discovered the flaw in Harlow's title-papers."

"I know."

"And that wasn't all I discovered."

"What?" Ewing leaned eagerly across the table.

"There's a chance for you in there, or I'm mistaken."

"In where?" The dull eyes of Ewing gleamed out, and he threw his body half across the table.

"In among the title-papers."

The two men looked at each other steadily for some moments.

"But you're not really in earnest, Mr. Gridley?" said Ewing, as he drew his body back, and sat down heavily in his chair, the light going out of his face. "You frighten me."

"I am in earnest, my friend—that is, as to the chance. How it will turn out is another thing. I know what no other living man in L—knows. Carriere would give me twenty thousand dollars to-night for my secret; but if it's worth that, it is worth a great deal more to—" he paused, then said, lowering his voice, and leaning across the table—"to you and to me!"

Ewing started to his feet, pale and flushing red by turns.

"It will be an ugly business," said Gridley, not heeding his companion's excitement, "going back and raking up old matters, and not finding them all on the square. And there'll be hard work and hard fighting for whoever goes into it. I shall want a big slice, if I go in. I can put twenty thousand into my pocket to-morrow, and stay out; and that will throw you overboard—for I don't believe Old Nick himself can find the clue I have stumbled on."

"The lion's share, of course," said Ewing, in a dogged way.

"If the lion hunts down the game, is he not entitled to his share?" asked the lawyer.

"He'll take it, and not so much as say, 'By your leave, sir!'" replied Ewing.

"You ungrateful dog," exclaimed Gridley, half in anger.

"Lion and dog! not much chance for the dog," muttered Ewing.

"Not if the dog fights the lion instead of hunting with him," retorted the lawyer. "Say, now, which shall it be?"

"Oh! we'll hunt together," replied Ewing, his manner changing.

"Very well. That's settled. Now, I don't mean to be over-exacting. If I hunt down the game, it shall be share and share alike. We'll halve the spoils. What say you? Isn't that generous for a lion?"

"And you expect to get more than twenty

thousand for your share?" asked Ewing, a flutter of excitement in his voice.

"More or nothing. And your share will equal mine."

"Go in, lion!" almost shouted Ewing, as he threw himself again across the table, and grasped the hand of Gridley. "Go in and win!"

The two men stood with clasped hands for some moments, glaring rather than gazing into each other's excited countenances. Then each sat down heavily, taking deep breaths as they did so.

"It's a bargain," said the lawyer.

"A bargain; and when Jim Ewing makes a bargain, he sticks to it," was answered.

"You've done a wise thing, my friend," said Gridley, regaining his coolness of manner. "And now to business. First, our agreement must go down in black and white. Though you were my grandfather, I'd have your sign-manual to any contract, if the amount involved were not a hundred dollars. It is my way of doing things, and prevents, often, a world of wrangling and litigation.

And the lawyer took from a drawer in the table a sheet of paper all written over, and handed it to Ewing, who read it slowly and with evident surprise. After reading to the last line, he went back and again perused the document.

"You are in dead earnest, I see," Ewing said this, as he looked up from the paper, his voice a little thick and unsteady, as if his heart were beating too heavily.

"I am," was the brief reply. "You will sign the paper?"

"Hand me a pen."

Ewing put his signature to the document, and pushed it across the table to Gridley.

"Not that I doubt you, sir," said the latter, as he folded the paper and put it back in his drawer, "but every man's memory is treacherous at times. This thing may take us a good while, and we forget a great deal even in a twelvemonth."

"I shall not forget," Ewing said, quietly; then, with returning eagerness of manner—"Talk it all out, Lawyer Gridley! Talk it all out! I've signed your paper; now tell me the whole story."

"I can do that in a sentence, Jim. Your great grandfather left all his lands to your grandfather in trust for his children; and your grandfather sold the land to old Carriere without an order of the court. The title-deeds are not, therefore, legally worth the parchment they are written on."

"Is that so?" Ewing was on his feet again, and leaning half across the table.

"Yes; and what is more, it's my opinion that Carriere knows all about this fatal defect in his title; for the record of the original deed from your grandfather to old Carriere is not only thumbred and soiled in certain parts in a way that looks suspicious; but bears marks of an attempt at the insertion of some additional words, afterward carefully erased, and the paper smoothed with pounce."

"Whew! Wont some folks open their eyes!" exclaimed Ewing, growing more excited. "Carriere hasn't thought me good enough to wipe the mud off of his boots. He may be glad to black mine one of these days."

"Not so bad for him as that," said the lawyer, smiling. "At best, we can't dispossess him of more than half his landed property in L—. A nice little plum to divide, ha!"

And a smile of grim humor played over Gridley's face.

"A basket of plums, I'm thinking," returned Ewing, his countenance reflecting the humor of his *confrère*. "But how long is it going to take, Lawyer Gridley? Court business is mighty slow sometimes."

"Well," answered Gridley, raising his eyes reflectively, and speaking with deliberation, "we can't possibly get through with it in less than two years—for if we gain in the first court, after the trial is put off and off by legal delays and quibbles, an appeal will, of course, be taken, and there is no telling when that will be heard—and it may take ten years."

Blank disappointment came into Ewing's face. "Ten years! Most likely I'll be dead and forgotten before that time. Ten years! Taint no use to begin, lawyer. I should worry my life out before that time."

"We can sell out to Carriere," said Gridley.

"Certain?" A strong, quick flash lit up Ewing's dull face.

"Not much doubt of it; but, the sacrifice will be too heavy."

"How much would he pay, think ye, Lawyer Gridley?"

"Can't tell."

"How much ought we to get if we go to law?"

"A couple of hundred thousand—may be three."

"My stars, lawyer!" Ewing's eyes were round as marbles. "But that's too much money. I wouldn't know what to do with my share. 'Twould make a fool of me, sure as

fate. Sell out's the word. Sell out at half price. I'm agreeable."

"It's worth considering," said Gridley, leaning back coolly in his chair, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat; "and I'll think about it. In the meantime, 'mum' is the word; understand that. If you go to blabbing about this, you'll most likely ruin everything."

"I'll be silent as death," answered Ewing.

Next morning, when Gridley went to his office, a note lay on his table from Mr. Carriere, asking an immediate interview. It was written in a hurried scrawl. He found Carriere walking the floor in considerable agitation.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Gridley, hiding a little anxiety of his own that he could not repress.

"Trouble? You may well say trouble! Perdition take that Harlow-business!"

"A man doesn't usually execrate an affair that gives him a property worth a hundred thousand dollars," said the lawyer.

"Not unless he pays too dear for the advantage," returned Carriere.

Gridley only answered by a shrug. He was in doubt as to the other's meaning.

"As I have done." The excitement died out of Mr. Carriere's voice, and a heavy cloud fell on his countenance. After a pause, he said: "You have heard of my trouble at home?"

"N-n-o, y-e-e-a. That is I heard a vague rumor about—about—"

"Mrs. Carriere and myself?"

"Yes."

"What did you hear?"

"That she had left your house, and gone to her father's."

Mr. Carriere's face was convulsed with pain. He clasped his hands tightly on his forehead, and strode once or twice across the floor; then sat down.

"Not quite so bad as that. A servant overheard some warm words between us about this Harlow business; and when Mrs. Carriere ordered the carriage, and drove out to her father's, reported that she had left me. The thing has driven me half beside myself. My wife, Mr. Gridley, is not that sort of a woman. Everybody says she's too good for me, and everybody is right so far. If there is a saint on earth, she is one."

"What does she say about the Harlow business?" asked the lawyer.

"She's very warm about it, and says we have

no right to the property and hold it as robbers; and that she cannot have the guilt of its possession on her soul."

"The law gave it to you after a careful hearing of the case," said Gridley. "She's over-squeamish. But women have such fancies!"

"I wish they wouldn't meddle with business affairs. These things are out of their reach. But, we're in for it now, and must get through the best way we can."

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Carriere?"

"Gridley!" exclaimed Carriere, with much excitement of manner, "I cannot barter away my wife's happiness, and make home a wilderness, for Harlow's paltry estate. When the law gave it to me, I never dreamed that she would object. Nor would she if busybodies hadn't made such a fuss about it."

"But you don't seriously think of giving the property back to Harlow?" said Gridley, with a surprise he could not conceal.

"That is precisely what I am going to do."

"Mr. Carriere!"

"No remonstrance. The thing is settled. I have sent for you to make out the papers. Before the sun goes down, I shall wash my hands clean of this business."

"You cannot afford to do anything of the kind," answered Gridley, his manner changing. "There is another cloud in your horizon that looks more threatening."

"What do you mean?" asked Carriere, a shade of alarm in his countenance.

"I have been solicited to take a case against you."

"Against me! What does it involve?"

"The soundness of your title to half the land you own in L—."

An ashy pallor swept over the man's face. He staggered back a step, and caught hold of a chair. Gridley watched him keenly, and with covert satisfaction.

"Who has been to see you?" demanded Carriere, recovering himself.

"Jim Ewing." Gridley did not take his eyes an instant from Carriere's face. The start at this name and deeper pallor were not lost on him.

"What did he say?"

"That your grandfather bought all the land you now own of his grandfather; and that he has discovered a fatal flaw in your title."

Mr. Carriere caught his breath, wiped the sweat from his pale forehead, and sat down heavily, like one who had suddenly lost strength.

"Does such a flaw, to your knowledge, exist?" asked Gridley. "As your legal adviser, I had better know the worst."

A groan was the only reply. The two men kept silent for a good while. Carriere was first to speak.

"The fellow hasn't wit enough nor money enough to gain a suit against me. In a war of this kind, I have the sinews, and he not."

"He will have no difficulty in getting the sinews for a war like this, with such rich plunder in view. Indeed, he told me that one of the best lawyers in the county had offered to undertake the case; but that he preferred to have me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Carriere, springing to his feet, like one who received a knife-thrust. "Has the thing gone so far as that?"

"It has. He said the lawyer to whom he referred had carefully examined the record in the clerk's office, and assured him that your title wouldn't hold water, as the property, originally left in trust, had been sold without an order of the court."

Carriere sunk back again into the chair from which he had risen, another heavy groan breaking on the air.

"Who is the lawyer?" he asked, a moment afterward.

"I questioned him, but he would not say."

"He wants you to undertake the case?"

"Yes."

"What reply did you make?"

"I pooh-pooh'd the whole thing, and said it was gammon. But, I couldn't shake his faith or his purpose. He is fully persuaded that he can recover the whole original Ewing estate."

"How in the devil's name did he find it out?" exclaimed Carriere, fixing his eyes with a strong, searching gaze upon the face of Gridley, who stood the scrutiny without change of a muscle. His countenance was an impassive veil whenever he chose to make it so.

"The devil is not always a safe repository of our secrets," coldly answered the lawyer.

"Sir!" There came a sudden flash into Carriere's eyes. "This is no occasion for quips and cranks."

"I speak soberly, not in jest," replied the lawyer, with something in his tone and air that was new to Mr. Carriere. The fact was, that Gridley had a consciousness of power over this man, to whom he had given a kind of obsequious service for years, and this feeling would not entirely hide itself.

"I believe it," said Carriere, in a gloomy way, speaking as if to himself.

"What?" asked his companion.

"The thing you just said about the devil."

"Oh! Ah! No, it's never safe to let him get a finger into our pie; he'll be sure to spoil its flavor. But, this is trifling, sir. We have graver matters on hand. What is to be done?"

"Well, what is to be done? You didn't refuse to take the case against me?"

"Of course not. That would have been to let him go over to the enemy. I'm not so poor a tactician."

"What is your view of the case?"

"First answer this question. Is it just as Ewing says; that his grandfather, holding the property in trust, could not make a clear title?"

"Yes; and my grandfather was a cursed fool to take a deed without searches. But, he was always an old simpleton, as far as I could learn, and let anybody get into him that chose."

"If that's so, we've got to take this bull by the horns and get rid of the goading if possible. In other words, we must buy the fellow off, and not risk a suit."

"Can he be bought off?"

"I suppose so. Men like him will, in most cases, accept a certainty, for the law's delays and a possible nothing at the end."

"Curse him!" said Carriere, fiercely. "I wish he were dead."

"But he isn't," returned the lawyer, softly, and with an undertone of satisfaction that jarred the ear of his patron, and re-awakened the suspicion that his own lawyer was at the bottom of this new trouble, and threatened disaster.

"It's all come of that infernal Harlow business," he said, bitterly to himself. "I wish I'd let the poor devil alone. His title-deeds were just as good as mine, and I knew it. Fool! fool! I might have known that if Gridley got nosing in among them dirty old records, he'd smell out this thing. And he's done it! My life on that!"

"I am to see Ewing at ten o'clock this morning," broke in Gridley, drawing out his watch, "and it's now thirty-five minutes past nine. What shall I say to him? Send him to another lawyer, or talk compromise?"

"Compromise. It won't be safe to go into court. My title is not good, and only one living man can make it good—his name is James Ewing. He must be paid for the service, cost what it will."

"At what sum," asked the lawyer, "do you estimate the value of that portion of your estate originally in the Ewing family?"

"At not less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to-day. In ten years it will be worth five hundred thousand."

"All of which belongs, legally, to James Ewing," said the lawyer, with professional calmness.

A great shudder convulsed the frame of Carriere. His face was pale; all the muscles working in disorder, and marring the finely-cut features.

"This is a terrible business!" he said, with intense bitterness of tone.

"And there is no escape from it," Gridley responded. "The issue must be met, and the more coolly the better. Now, at a word, how much will you pay Ewing to make your title good?"

"At a word, then, fifty thousand dollars. That sum will make him richer than Cæsus. He won't know what to do with it all."

"You don't know your man," was the lawyer's reply. "His ideas are already up among the hundreds of thousands. You can't put him off with a single slice from his own loaf."

"You're in league with this fellow!" exclaimed Carriere, passionately; again bounding from his seat, and showing intense agitation.

"Have it so, if you will," answered Gridley, looking hurt and offended, rising as he spoke and buttoning his coat over his chest. "He has proposed a league, and it rests with you whether it be made or not."

Carriere stood dumb for several moments, a look of helpless despair in his face. But he recovered his self-possession, and said huskily: "At what sum do you think he will compromise?"

"I do not believe that you can buy him off for less than two hundred thousand dollars," replied Gridley.

"Absurd!" ejaculated Carriere.

"Not so very absurd when you look at it. Put yourself in his place, and answer to yourself whether you would accept half of your own loaf, when by a little effort and delay you could get the whole of it? But time presses, Ewing is to be at my office at ten, and to miss seeing him would be a fatal error."

"See him then; and sound him to the bottom. I will wait your report of the interview," returned Carriere. And the two men parted.

A secret like this would not be kept. The

very walls had ears—there were a hundred little birds to fly about and tell the strange story. Before night, L—— was buzzing all over with the startling news that Jim Ewing was the rightful owner of more than half the property held by Carriere, and that he was going to bring suit against him for its recovery.

I met the hard, grasping, unscrupulous man in the street an hour after this news came to me, and saw its truth in his anxious, almost haggard face. "He's getting the worst of it, and no mistake," said I, to myself; for, rumor had it, that in looking up the defect in Harlow's title, his lawyer had discovered the fatal flaw in his own, and secretly given Ewing a hint of its existence. It was easy enough to believe this of Gridley.

Jim Ewing became, all at once, a man of note in L——. He was courted, flattered, and advised on all hands. One said: "Give him law to the end. Don't abate a jot or tittle of your claim. It all belongs to you, and I'd have every rood of the original estate." Another said: "Take a friend's advice, Jim, and compromise with Carriere. You can get a cool hundred thousand, sure; and that's as much as you want." "Don't take less than two hundred thousand," urged another.

As for Ewing, if his head was a little turned, the cool, steady advice of Gridley, and his own native shrewdness, served him to good purpose. He settled, with the lawyer, that the demand should be two hundred thousand dollars, the sum when gained to be equally divided. From this, acting under the counsel of Gridley, he never swerved.

In less than a week, Carriere was so fully satisfied of Gridley's complicity with Ewing, that he could not hold back his bitter anger. A fierce quarrel ensued; and then the covert scoundrel went boldly over to the enemy. A better man, and quite as sound a lawyer as was engaged by Mr. Carriere. He spent a week in examining records and studying up the case; then advised a settlement with Ewing on the terms that had been proposed. But as these terms had been refused, Ewing, when approached on the subject, put up the demand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and would not abate anything until two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars were clearly offered, when he closed for his client, hinting as he did so, that if the settlement were not promptly made, the acceptance would be withdrawn.

Appalled by the magnitude of this disaster that had come upon him, nervous, anxious,

frightened lest the very earth should open beneath his feet, and eager to get on solid ground, even though its area were small, Carriere acted without delay, on the hint of Gridley, and authorized a settlement on the basis of his last offer to pay for a clear title to the old Ewing property, the sum of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. In less than a fortnight, Jim Ewing and Lawyer Gridley were possessed of property worth over a hundred thousand dollars; and Stephen Carriere was poorer by just twice the sum that each of them was richer. He had indeed got the worst of it!

But the end was not yet. Mrs. Carriere would not be satisfied. Great as were her husband's losses, she steadily demanded of him the restoration of Harlow's estate.

"Its possession has been a curse to you from the day it came into your hands. Put it away! It is the wedge of gold in the tent of Achan!" So she argued and urged, until, for her sake and the home peace lost since the consummation of his cruel wrong upon a neighbor, he sent to the astonished Harlow the title-deeds of the property wrenched from him by legal process a little while before.

I was in his office when he received them, and witnessed his sudden surprise and pleasure on reading this brief note from Carriere.

"HENRY HARLOW, Esq.: Accompanying this are the title-deeds of that cursed Mill Creek property. You have my wife, not me, to thank for them. Yours,

"STEPHEN CARRIERE."

"He's got the worst of it! Just as you said!" I exclaimed.

"As all men do," was Harlow's grave reply, "when they seek to gain an advantage for themselves through wrong to another. The retribution does not always come in so manifest a way as we have seen in Carriere's case. But retribution is a law that inheres with the life of man, and acts with a certainty as unerring as any law in nature. Too often, the curse a man brings upon himself by evil deeds is hidden from men's eyes; but, like a concealed fire, it burns down into his soul, consuming all that is pure, noble, and godlike, and changing him from an angel into a devil. Ah, yes!" he added, with emphasis. "The worst of it always comes to the wrongdoer. He cannot escape!"

A GENEROUS mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race.

WATCHING.

BY L. S. NOURSE.

WITHIN the darkened casement
I watch the cheerful street,
And list in bitter sadness
The sound of hurrying feet.

The sombre twilight falling
Veils all the sunset sky;
I watch with eyes untiring
As I watched in days gone by.

I try to think, I'm waiting
For one that still may come,
And make the fire burn brightly
For his evening welcome home.

Amid the fitting shadows
I try to think I see
The form so dear, and gladly
My poor heart cries "'tis he!"

I watch the shadow passing
In the twilight dull and gray,
And my dim eyes grow dimmer
As the footstep dies away.

I know it makes me sadder,
But when the day is o'er
I know that I shall watch again
For the step that comes no more.

'Tis little earth can give me
Of good, or sweet, or fair—
A grave on a lonely hillside,
And a lock of soft gray hair.

I welcome a daughter's kisses—
I smile on a laughing boy;
But shadow is stronger than sunlight,
And sorrow is deeper than joy.

—●—
"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."

—●—
THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow.

OUR DOG RALLY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

IT was a very important thing to happen in our family—the advent of a new dog-baby and the naming of him. We children would sit huddled together out on the grass in the door-yard discussing names an hour at a time, and after we had gone to bed we would hail each other and suggest new names. But there were five of us, and not more than two out of the five would be satisfied, so that for three or four weeks the new puppy had no name, only “*he*.”

Rube would not consent to any name only Major, or Colonel, or Captain, or something that smacked of the military, while Jontie wanted the name of Watch, or Trip, or Fleet; my sister said, “Let’s call him Pink, or Daisy, or Dandy, something kind of sweet and modest.” Baby wanted him called Tom Thumb, or Johnny Green; and I, the eldest, who was always considered good authority, said he must be called Argus, or Gelert, or Bonaparte.

So the matter stood. We all loved him, and we girls would nearly cry when Rube, who was always in mischief, would take him out of his kennel and turn his dear little ears inside out, making them look just as if they were raw flesh.

He was black and white, with white feet and a snowy tip on the end of his tail, and his breast was just as white as snow and as soft as silk velvet. His nose was stubby, and had a few pink wrinkles in it that made him appear a great deal sweeter than though they were real baby-dimples. His paws were like little soft puffs of cotton wool.

Baby used to say they were like nice cookies; but then the poor child was so fond of cookies that he knew no other comparison to use when he wanted to tell how nice or good anything was. He frequently called his mother a cookie when he had his arms around her neck and her head twisted down until it was nearly broken off.

But at last we got a name that pleased all the family; and this was the way it came about. The hired man had a felon on one of his fingers which was very painful, and our father said he’d better go to the doctor’s and let him lance it; that he thought it would soon get well then. He told him it wouldn’t hurt much, for when

he was a boy, living in Essex county, N. Y., he had a felon, and didn’t sleep any for four nights, and he went to Ralph Smith, the doctor, and he lanced it, and he came home and went right to sleep, and it never pained him afterward.

“Poor old red-headed Ralph! I’ll never forget him,” said papa, “just for that little service, and because he pitied me and was so kind to me. It did me good just to be petted.”

My! how we all did laugh when the baby laid his hand on papa’s knee and looked up, saying: “Did he give you *my* cookies?”

Rube brought his fist down on the table with a bang, and called out: “Oh, I’ve just thought of it! Splendid! bully! Let us name our puppy Ralph! You see it’s short and handy, and easily called. Now see if it isn’t;” and he pitched his voice about four octaves higher, and hailed out: “Here, Ralph! here Ralph!”

Why the name flowed like water running down hill. We were all pleased with the suggestion, and Jontie ran to the door and opened the kennel, and snapped his fingers and said: “Here, Ralph—poor Ralph!” And the puppy toddled out and raised his heavy fat ears as well as he could, and sniffed his nose up in the air, and gave signs of acknowledging the name and of being pleased with it.

Papa leaned back and laughed to think that, because old Doctor Smith had lanced his sore finger fifty years before, his children, out of gratitude, had named their puppy for him—Ralph Smith.

“There is one thing I like about the name,” said my sister; “you see four of our names commence with the letter R, and it looks so kind to treat our dog sort of humanlike—just as though we didn’t feel above him.”

“I don’t like the name of Smith very well,” said I; “it is so common, nearly every other man you meet is a Mr. Smith.”

“Well, but he is always John Smith, you know,” said Rube. “Now you don’t know of a Ralph Smith anywhere in the county—maybe there never was a dog named Ralph Smith in the whole world before, and that will be something new under the sun. Now we know of Bull Smith, and Lion Smith, and Jack Smith, and that old lame dog of the widow Smith’s, Phebe Ann. She snapped at me the other day

when I was just passing along, and I took up a stone and laid her out as stiff as a dried mackerel for a little while. Then Smith is only our dog's middle name, you know; if we ever have occasion to write it, in case our dog is sued or summoned as a witness, he will be called Ralph S. Rice."

We all thought Rube was very smart to see and understand intricate things; we imagined he would make a good lawyer sometime, and, perhaps, honor his constituents in Congress. Ralph was a very playful puppy, only he would tumble over as easily as a cob-house; he was as fat as a roll of butter, just a tempting plaything for children.

He liked to play with dolls as well as any little girl, and would go mousing around in our play-houses, and when he would find where we had put a doll to sleep, he would take bed and doll and pillows and feather-tick and counterpane, all up in his mouth at one big funny bite, and go waddling off with it, his round body joggling along from side to side exactly like a fat bear walks. We would start after him and he would run his very fastest, and when he would get scared and open his mouth to yell out: "quit! quit!" then he would drop our things.

We used to try to make a baby of him by pinning a shawl around his neck and putting a night-cap on his head, but his nose was too long and his tail looked too doggy, and we couldn't teach him to tuck it up out of sight. My sister would try turning it up over his back and fastening it by a belt buckled closely round his waist, but he didn't behave natural at all then, and if she tied it over his chest he would walk as if he were the oldest and feeblest dog in the world.

Once we were playing keep house, and he was her baby, and she came visiting me, riding up to my door on a prancing hoe-handle. I ran out, very glad to see her, and took her child, and assisted her to alight, and ordered Tom, my stable-boy, to look after her horse, to put it in the stable and give it hay and oats in plenty. My stable was a board leaned up against a stump and my manger was a gourd with beans in it.

I inquired how her baby was, and she said he was well, only the ride had fatigued him. I took off his shawl and cap and found she had buckled the strap so tightly around his body, in fastening his tail out of sight, that he trembled and moaned every breath he drew. I loosened it and gave him a sip of milk, and said: "Why, Mrs. Charlotte Temple, your

child has a touch of the pneumatics in the bowels, and you must keep his clothes loose. I lost three of my children of the pneumatics before I had any experience in managing that disease."

We coaxed mamma to let us have one of the baby's flannel petticoats and bib aprons, and we dressed Rally in a more common-sense way. Still the wagging tail would stick out behind, and the skirt would look as though it was hung on a stick. It worried my sister, and she would say to me (my name was Mrs. Thaddeus Warsaw,) "it is a great charge, Mrs. Warsaw, to have a deformed child, but I love him better than if he had been made all right, he comes very near to my heart;" and she would lay her handkerchief over his moist-cold nose and kiss him right heartily.

One time we were all sitting out on the grass reading our Sunday-school books, and the dog lay stretched out with his head pressed flatly down on his out-reached paws, while his eyes sparkled with intelligence. We had been laughing at a picture of the old prophet Elijah, with his long face, and long beard, and his mantle sailing out like a spread banner behind him. None of us knew then, as now, what a good man Elijah was, or I hope we should not have made sport of him. I only wonder now that two hungry bears did not come rushing with open mouths and red tongues and gnashing white teeth, right out of our woods, and down through the orchard, and tear all five of us in pieces and swallow the big bloody bites.

I presume if it had been the real living Elijah, the holy man whom God so dearly loved, instead of a common picture, we would have been eaten up in a trice.

Just then our mamma called us to come to supper, and because she had made cream-biscuit, and we had smelt them through the open kitchen window, we did not wait for the second bidding but ran kicking up our ten heels in the air like a lot of colts.

With the nice puffy biscuit we had preserved peaches and honey, and my mother stood at the table and waited on her hungry noisy children, and smiled at the praises we heaped upon her for being such a good cook. After supper was over she said if we'd take baby out and keep him quiet until after she had washed the dishes and strained the milk, she would do up all the work herself.

We started back to the grass-plat to our books and playthings, and there we saw a sight that none of us will ever forget. The dog did

not see us coming, but we saw him plainly. A few feet up on the bank above where we had been sitting, he lay on the grass with the Sunday-school book open at the picture of Elijah. He held it open; a snow-white paw lay on the margin of each page, and he was looking at the picture intently, and laughing aloud, almost as good as a boy could laugh. His mouth was open, and his teeth showing like rows of pretty pearls, and the wrinkles that come with laughter were in his cheeks, and under his eyes, real humanly, and he hee-hee-heed, and haw-haw-hawed, just as if he were really diverted.

This true little incident made us think that our dog, Ralph Smith, was no common dog, rather a species of a boy, and we treated him accordingly, and always took him with us in our rambles out in the woods and fields. In the winter, when we would be riding down hill on our sleds, he would always help us pull them up hill; but sometimes he would get so zealous and so excited that he would take a sled string in his teeth and run a circuitous route around among the apple-trees, and get to the top of the hill before any of us would. The boys often let him ride down with them; and when we would get to running races and giving each other full chase, with hoop and hurrah, the dog's voice would be as loud and happy as any of them. Oh, we did love that jolly dog!

Sometimes our cousins would come to spend the evening when it would be moonlight, and the snow all a-sparkle, cold and frosty, and they would bring their hand-sleds with them. Ralph would just leap up in the air and shake his head and swing his glad tail from side to side, and whine out and bid them a thousand welcomes; and if we were very long tying our hoods and warming our mittens, he would butt his head against the door and howl out, and his tail would cut as many capers as a cunning whip-lash.

The evening of our Cousin Matty's birthday we had a grand time coasting; our sleds acted as though they were alive themselves, and full of fun; they leaped fences, and ditches, and logs like antelopes, and ran longer and farther than usual, and we all enjoyed the sport immensely. We tumbled in the snow, and didn't mind the cold any more than Laplanders would; and happiest of all the cousins, noisiest and merriest, was Rally the dog.

I was a grown girl, but I was as happy as the rest of them, and played with my sled ten years after that night. It was such rare fun to ride down that long hill, through the bars, and through the orchard and wood-yard, and out

of the gate into the street, and down the road to the old elm.

When the cars began to run through our farm, the dog could not quite understand it, and was not at all pleased with the new arrangement. He had chased hogs, and cows, and horses, and even a mad bull; but this animal, whose snort made the hills tremble, whose breath rose a vapory column more than a hundred feet high, who ate fire and puffed the fiery breath from its great nostrils—everything fled from it, but he would not. He would sit up as straight as he could get, stretched up his very tallest, and look sharply, but he could not imagine to what tribe it belonged, or from what country it came. He resolved that it should not be running about over our farm with never a tongue daring to wag against it.

So, day after day, and week after week, he would chase after the engine at the top of his speed, trying to overtake it. We frequently reasoned with him, and coaxed him, and shamed him, but it did no good. He thought the locomotive was a great flamy-nosed behemoth, running around devouring farms and families, and that it was his duty to try and save his home and friends.

It was not in the nature of any living thing to endure this very long, and before a year Ralph had a pain in his breast, and his head drooped, and his tail hardly ever wagged, only a little bit on the white tufty end. Yet, when his old enemy came in sight, he would lay-back his satiny ears and start off and run awhile, then stop and say: "Oh, who cares for you, you couldn't drive a kitten out of the cornfield if it were in mischief!" The engineers grew to liking him, and used to greet him with a laugh.

Poor fellow! as his health failed he seemed to love us all more than ever. When I would sit down on the portico to read, in among the shadows of the vines, he would lie beside me with his head and paws on my dress. It gratified him, I know, because he would moan out in a chuckling way: "Oh, calico is so nice and soft to lay one's poor head on!"

Sometimes he would take spells, in which he would stand up as stiffly as a dog made of bronze, and howl, and moan, and fall over, and his eyes would sink in and close as though he suffered intense pain, and his cheeks would fall in hollows, and his agony was pitiful to behold.

Papa said he would have to be killed—that though the poor fellow in his zeal had sacrificed his health in trying to keep the locomotive from destroying us, he would be obliged

to kill him at last. It was a very hard sentence, but it was best, and we submitted.

A kind neighbor, who is always good to us in sickness, a sympathetic man, who goes to all the funerals he can hear of, and helps carry coffins and fill up graves, was chosen to perform the work of mercy.

None of us could bid our dear old Ralph Smith good-by, and so we all scattered off in different directions as soon as we saw Neighbor Bawky coming across the field in his shirt sleeves, with his head bowed down and his gun on his shoulder. I believe if he had stepped along briskly, or been whistling, I would have objected to his doing this last service for Rally; but his head was bent down satisfactorily, and his very gait was full of sorrow, as though he fully comprehended how sad was the office he had to perform.

Without looking up at me, papa said with an unsteady voice: "Where will he be buried?"

"In the Dimple," I replied, and turned away. The Dimple is the beauty spot of all Sylvan Dell.

"Come, Ralph," I heard a voice say, and then the face of dear old Neighbor Bawky turned its yellow disc in a pitiful, pleading, scared way—a furtive glance up at every window in the house—then he walked away, and the poor old playmate, Rally, followed stiffly at his heels. Papa came up behind them with a mattock and shovel. Ralph was feeble; his head was down, and he stepped slowly, and his ears flapped about, while his tail, that used to beat such jolly tattoos and reveilles, hung like a wet shoestring.

The three walked slowly along the orchard path, past the bell, and the mound, and the large gray rock on which Ralph had played with us hundreds of times; but no olden memories seemed to waken, for he never turned his head, or quickened his pace, or wagged his tail; he was broken and weary, and ready to have the green sod heaped over his body.

They passed out of sight, and an instant after I heard the report of the trusty rifle, and knew that our dear old playmate and companion had gone from us forever, and that his warfare and his bodily suffering were ended.

Just at that minute the through express dashed round the curve, and the great shout it gave seemed not one of rejoicing or triumph, it was more like a long cry, and when it died away in reverberations among the peaked hills, it made me think of distant cannonading, and that our old friend was buried with the honors of war.

We never go through the orchard in which we do not pause at his grave, and recount his virtues and dwell upon the marked traits of his character; and we turn away with a sigh, thinking seriously of the time when a neat tablet will mark the sacred spot where repose the remains of our dog, Ralph Smith.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

TO understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomena, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere and at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and, consequently, its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in warm than cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by the motion of a warm saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bands than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.

L. of C.

OUR AFGHAN. A GIRL'S STORY.

BY GUSSIE.

Last winter we five girls agreed to form a sort of "co-operative" association, and, together, knit a pretty warm woollen afghan as a "Christmas" for "the mother," who was growing to love her after-dinner doze on the lounge. After consultations on the matter, we finally decided that *each* of us should take *one* stripe to make *all herself*, and when the presentation should be made, to hand in with the afghan our written "experiences" of all the little adventures that happened, or the thoughts we "crooned" over our balls and needles. At first we *all* wanted the scarlet stripe. "It was such a becoming color to 'light up' our dark 'afternoon dresses,'" Fan said. But Lou, the eldest, told us we must "draw lots, and have no disturbances." So she wrote down all the colors on five strips of paper, and we each drew "our stripe." Lou's fell purple, Nell's, yellow, Fan's, scarlet, Kate's, green, while the great white "snowball" was left to me. And here are our little stories "woven in wool."

THE PURPLE STRIPE.

I began mine in the bay-window. It rained hard that day, and all the sky hung low, so that the tops of the tallest trees opposite seemed half hid and shrouded in the cloudy mist. The street looked desolate and deserted—only now and then a passer-by would break into the little tune the pattering rain sang on the window, and with the echo of his hurrying feet make me look up from my stitches. I thought of all the darkness and dreariness there is in the wide world—of "into how many *lives* the rain does fall!"—and I wondered if the sun shining *somewhere* behind his screen *knew* how desolate the earth was without his cheering light. And I thought so it would be if we had no glorious Light to shine within our hearts, when the clouds of trouble and distress made everything dark, and that just as the sun *was somewhere* behind the rain, just so was God always behind our clouds, and would shine on us *some time*. While I knit and thought, a ring at the bell disturbed me, and presently Nora brought in Miss Berry, who, you know, has for so long a time been striving to lead me into the "right path," according to her ideas. I was provoked to see her—I couldn't help feeling

so—I knew I was doomed now to hear one of her homilies on my "wicked state," and as I don't believe in *her good-ness*, I knew my quills would rise.

Insisting upon my not calling any one, she began: "Ah, my dear, I see you are making something for the Heathen Missionary Society Fair. You are right. It is a noble work."

"Yes," I mischievously answered, "but this article is for a 'Home Mission,' for the benefit of an aged lady, one whom I know to be very worthy."

"Indeed, my child, I am pleased to see you interested in any mission for the cause. Ah, if you would only listen to me, and throw aside all the silly pleasures of this life, and gird on the armor of a true Christian, renouncing all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world!"

"But, Miss Berry," I interrupted, "I do not think a true Christian *need* 'renounce the world and its pleasures.' God gave them to us for our enjoyment."

"Ah!" she sighed, "it is but a vale of tears, an empty hollow show."

"But," I went on, "then we make it so ourselves. I think a 'true Christian' life should be a joyous happy one, distributing sunshine—not lightning—on its pathway! I *love* God, not *fear* him, and I try to be good—I *aint* wicked;" and I broke down, crying.

She was angry with me now (as I was with her,) and talked, and talked, and talked, and finally said my idea of religion was only morality, and that I was a wicked sinner, blinder in my doubts than a heathen in his belief, or an Indian in his nothing.

I couldn't help it, then; I answered her warmly. "Well, Miss Berry, I admit I am *like* the Indians, whom the white men are trying to convert to Christianity. The reports say, 'The Indian judges only of religion as its fruits appear in the *moral* life of those who profess it;' and I must confess I judge of it the *same way*." And I took up my zephyr and needle and left the room. And now, dear mother, was I wrong? I can *not* be taught religion by one who I know is at heart *not a true Christian*! How dared she talk to me of duty, and preach charity, and call me "wicked," when her whole life is one of hypocrisy and

deceit! Do they not say she let her sister's children die of want, and that her mother lives on the charities of others, (while she is "rich and pious.") Does she not break the holiest of the commandments. "Honor thy father and thy mother."

I finished "my stripe" in my room, and if tears stained, your afghan would be ruined. Now you understand why Miss Berry and I avoid one another, and I hope you will believe I have the "right stripe" of religious ideas, even if I am your sometimes wilful, LOU.

THE YELLOW STRIPE.

It was "housekeeping week" when I worked on my stripe, and if under my colors you have "sweet" dreams, it will be owing to the little elves of "sugar, and spice, and all that's nice" that are woven in with my wools.

It was when Nora had rheumatism, you remember, and so I helped her all I could, and was a great deal "down stairs." I learned more than work in the kitchen that week. Over my puddings, I learned a lesson of patience. Custards and conscience quarrelled together, (I broke one of the new custard-cups—and for five minutes had a mind to "hide the pieces and not tell"—but conscience conquered, you remember,) and I'm sure I beat out many a little temper in—eggs. And besides, I heard a little love story, which flavored everything I made with a delicious air. Nora has got a beau—and a heart-history.

It appears, when she left home two years ago, this "broth of a boy" was under-gardener in the "hall" where she lived, and though he was younger than she, he fell in love with her, and she—"couldn't help it either," she said. When she left for America they swore fidelity to one another, (and he was to follow in a year's time.) After she reached here she was sick for a long time in the hospital—and not writing to the folks at home, they knew not what had become of poor Nora in the strange land.

It was a year before she got about, and the first time she went out she got a letter to Tom written for her. Carrying it to the post-office herself, she met on the way an old comrade from home—a pretty, pert girl, who among other news, told her "Tom was married to a young girl of seventeen years."

"And sure, Miss Nelly," Nora went on; "but my heart was broke entirely. Then I tore up my letter, and I determined to never send a word home to any one, and I prepared myself to go as a lay sister in the convent of

St. Joseph. It was early this spring, when one morning at early mass, if I didn't see his two eyes shinin' like stars at me from behind one of the pillars, and I thought it was his ghost come to bid me fareweel, and I trimbled all over like, but after sarvice, when he come straight to me and took my hands in his, and said so sorra-fully: 'Och, Nora! how could you forget me so soon.' I knew *then* he was *real*."

And the end was, they were *neither* of them married, (but are going to be, to each other, of course.) It was all the malicious story of a rival, who had told to each that the other was married; and poor Tom determined to come to America and "sarch the whole country for Nora, and see with his own eyes, before he believed."

And now, mother dear, can't we girls help Nora "get ready." She is only going to "keep rooms," and it would be so nice for each of us to give her some useful present at Christmas? This is all that "happened" when I knit my stripe.

NELL.

THE SCARLET STRIPE.

I wore my pretty velvet jacket and cashmere skirt the afternoon I worked on my stripe. (The "effect" was good, scarlet and black) and I sat at the little sewing-room window, where the academy boys pass on their way from school; although, of course, I was always very busy counting stitches when they went by. It snowed hard one day, and in putting my hand out into a "drift" on the window-sill—you know I like to eat new snow—I dropped my ball. There it lay, so pretty, too, like a little red rose on the white snow, and I had slippers on and didn't dare go out after it, so I waited for some of the children to pass, and hand it in to me; when just then four of the academy boys came round the corner, and one (the black-eyed one that wears the seal-skin cap) ran over and picked it up for me. I began to thank him very dignified, (like Lou,) but before I got through we both broke out in a laugh, and then he whispered: "Won't you come out a-sledding to-night—the Parkers and the Harris girls are going, and your brother said he'd bring you, and I'm Joe Jessup."

I answered, quickly, "Yes, if mother would let me," and shut the window, for Kate came in with Herman Grass to play chess, and they said I was chilling the room, so I flounced out and left them to—warm it again.

Don't you remember how Harry begged you to let him take me that night? It was moonlight, and I wore my little cherry hood with down trimming, and Nell curled my hair lovely! When we got out on the "Snowberg," the black-eyed boy asked Harry to let him take me on his sled, and Harry agreed if Joe would allow "even exchange." So then Lilly Jessup took my seat and away we went skimming over the smooth snow. It was splendid! I wanted my handkerchief, and in pulling it from my pocket, out rolled my scarlet ball of wool, that I had forgotten to put away with my work! Joe ran after it—way to the bottom of the hill—and when he came back, breathless and laughing over his "second shot," I put out my hand to receive it, of course, when he said he'd "keep it to remember me by!" I scolded and coaxed, but he would not give it to me—and kept it a whole week (and I am afraid my stripe will smell horridly of slate-pencil and sponge and—boys—for he carried it to school with him every day and used to hold it up at me when he passed the window.) Lilly got it for me finally—and so, at the last minute, my stripe was finished—and I'll never speak to Joe Jessup again. There!

FANNY.

THE GREEN STRIPE.

I finished my stripe in one evening! It was the night I staid with the Grass girls. We all had hurried Christmas work on hand, and so we agreed to sit up late under the drop-light in their pleasant "home-room," and our needles would keep time to the music of Herman's voice as he told us of his "five years of study abroad."

He told us wonderful stories of German student-life, and brought down his pipes and cap and sword, and showed me the tiniest little scar under his hair where he was cut in a duel, and he sang student-songs until I could almost understand the German in them.

Although I knit industriously, I could still see all the little incidents pass before me as he related them so glowingly, and when, after some beautiful description of German life and the scenery and all, I sighed, "Oh I want to go so much!" he took my work from my hands, and, bending down, whispered to me: "*Geliebte, geh mit mir!*" I only half understood him, and blushed and laughed, and the girls cried, "Herman asks you to go with him!" and they put their arms around my neck and kissed me, and said they wanted me to be their sister—and they left us alone—and, oh mother—I love him! mayn't I go?

KATE.

WOOLWEAVINGS.

THE WHITE STRIPE.

Little white stitches come swiftly and go,
Weaving the wools in and out, to and fro;
While the bright needle industriously speeds
Forming the garment humanity needs!

Little by little the task is made clear,
Led by my faithful true-steel pioneer;
Till my thoughts, with my work, are fashioned, and I
In the shape they are taking, small wisdoms deary.

Thinking good thoughts, led on by a thread,
Queer little fancies come into my head;
And I hear a small voice talking to me, while I
Listen unto it—with nobody by!

"Deeds, although small, if they evil o'ercome,
Shine with an honor and glory, well won;
But a sin, howe'er trifling (for naught or for ill),
Remaineth forever and ever—sin still!

"Little things count, even in a great life;
'Tis the little disturbances make all the strife:
And little kind acts of affection will bring
To the world's cheerless winter the soft airs of spring.

"'Tis the sharp little thorns that, bestrewing our way,
Give us scratches and wounds; and our pains to allay
We should cultivate patience, with its gentle power,
Turn aside all the nettles that sting, with a flower."

GUSSE.

And so "Our Afghan" and our stories were woven together. With tears on some stitches, a laugh embroidered in the meshes of another, (and maybe a drop of pudding-sauce on Nell's)—but—with heart's love in all (and especially in *one!*) we gave our Christmas offering to "The Mother."

USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Bouquet is a French word; *boquet* is not.

Sobriquet is a French word; *soubriquet* is not.

Hors de combat is a correct French expression; *hors du combat* is not.

Illy is not an English word. To say that a person is *illy* adapted to any employment is as incorrect as it would be to say that he is *wellly* adapted to it. *Ill adapted* is the proper expression.

Firstly is not an English word; *first* should be used. *Secondly*, *thirdly*, etc., are correct.

The use of the word *most* instead of *almost* is a vulgarism of New England origin.

Nouns ending in *ey* form their plural regularly by adding *s*; as *key*, *keys*; *monkey*, *monkeys*; *journey*, *journeys*; *attorney*, *attorneys*; *money*, *moneys*. Ignorance leads some persons to write *attornies* and *monies*, instead of the correct spelling.—*Proof Sheet.*

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

BY S. JENNIE JONES

CHAPTER III.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!" sang Gilbert Warner, throwing himself down on the sofa, and upsetting his sister's work-box, scattering spools, cotton balls, scissors, emory, etc., in various directions.

"Yea, verily, as I can testify," laughed Blanche, as he sat up and stared at the mischief he had wrought. "And, brother mine, in view of your own confession, I suggest that, having aspired to the dignity of frock-coat and mustache, emerged from the surveillance of your *Alma Mater*, and reached the high elevation of a member of the bar, it is high time you were putting away such childish tricks."

"Pshaw!" answered Gilbert, "why will you ladies keep a Noah's Ark forever sitting around in some precarious position for a fellow to get entrapped in?"

"To aid you in wearing off a little of the semi-savage style of behavior you acquire at college, and teach you patient perseverance in reaping the rewards of your awkwardness."

The young man proceeded to gather up the scattered contents of "the ark," a part of which had rolled under the sofa and table. When, at last, the task was completed, he rose up with a very red face, and, cautiously resuming his place on the sofa, said as he wiped his forehead: "Pray, Blanche, there's a good little doctress, don't administer that remedy except at rare intervals. But, what was I going to say? Oh! there's a pair of young sprigs over at Mrs. Marshal's who had better stayed at home and attended to their business, if they had any, or remained in the bandbox whence they came out, at least until rightful neighbors had an opportunity of becoming acquainted. They seemed to be comfortably ensconced for the season, the first time I called. I see them riding out with the young ladies frequently. Lucky scamps—they have every advantage over a fellow who can't call oftener than twice a week at the best. Just the style that these silly girls are apt to fancy, too—that tall, curly-haired, blonde-whiskered chap who is always riding with her. And he looks at me as if he considered me taking unwarrantable liberties in bowing to her. It is all over with me!"

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," chimed in Blanche. "You were always getting

into Doubting Castle; now lay that habit aside, together with other childish errors. There is another quotation that is *apropos*, commencing, 'Faint heart'—you know the rest. And, Bert," continued the young lady, teasingly, "I suggest that you tilt lances with the other knight, since you seem to consider his attractions less dangerous."

"I am not in the least interested in his direction," growled Bert; "the young lady attended by that cavalier is the most intensely disagreeable spoilt beauty it has ever been my misfortune to meet with. She advertises her wealth in chains, brooches, bracelets, rings, etc., and assumes the prerogative to render herself especially odious. Bah! But, pray, Blanche, hurry up your convalescence. I am very anxious you should meet Miss Reade and Miss Duncan, and judge for yourself. I advise you, however, to arm yourself previously for an encounter; for this fortune-favored fair one is of that class who sweetly draw out your sentiments on every available topic, for the express purpose of disagreeing with you, throwing out weak little javelins of argument, tipped with malicious satire. Deliver me from such charmers!"

Blanche Warner looked at her handsome brother as he lay there with his eyes shut, a smile curling his silken, brown mustache, and thought to herself that he was the best and handsomest young man she had ever known, save one—that one, Barton Everly, a college friend whom Gilbert had brought home with him on one occasion, and who, somehow, had repeated his visits very frequently since that time.

Bert suddenly opened his eyes. "Do you think you will be strong enough to ride down to the Cove, say next Wednesday, if the weather is fine?"

"Oh, yes, I expect to be able to walk the distance before that time," replied the young lady.

"You expect your convalescence to be rapid," responded her brother. "Well, all things considered, that is a reasonable supposition, sis."

The insinuation couched in this speech brought a very pretty glow to her cheeks, but she made no reply to the sally.

"I am thinking of making up a party to visit the Cove," he went on. "Barton will be here to-morrow, and Ned Somers and Lou, and Nelly Blount next week, then the Willises and Lanes are expected at Marshal Place soon; really, there will be enough for a very pleasant little party. We must go over to Mrs. Marshal's as soon as you are able, and try to effect an arrangement. We must get all the good we can out of this free life, before we are compelled to go back to the city."

The girl seemed to be in a deep study, but she roused herself at his last words, and answered: "Yes, but, I don't believe I should ever have been any better if I had been obliged to remain there. Yet, there are thousands of poor, toiling, moiling ones, who have no conception of the wild, free life we lead, and the bracing air in which we revel, with its odors from woods, and hay-fields, and green corn, and all fresh, growing things. And then the victims of fashionable summer resorts, how I pity them!" and the young lady sighed in a commiserating way that would have been highly amusing to some of the aforesaid "victims," who in return had pitied her as much, for her "rural proclivities."

Gilbert Warner arose and went to the window where his sister was standing. "Ah, Blanche," he said, earnestly, "you were much better before we brought you out here; you were, at one time, very near the gates of death, my little sister."

"Yes, Bert, I know, I know," she answered, very softly; "so near that I think the passage through is but a step that one need not fear, if one is only sure as to the Beyond. That other life has seemed so close to this, since I was at the threshold; and Bert, I cannot but think that, however rife with joy and beauty this may be, that other is incomparably blessed. I think I had a glimpse of it, and was not truly glad to come back again."

"Why, Blanche!" ejaculated the brother, with a look of pain on his face, "don't talk in that strain! You were very ill, but you are growing better every day. It pains me to hear you speak so; and what would mother do, and Barton? Don't talk so! don't talk so!" he exclaimed passionately, placing his hands on either side of the white, spiritual face, and turning it away from the sunset splendors on which the great, dark eyes were fixed with a gaze that seemed drinking in visions of the Beyond of which she had spoken.

She looked up in his face and smiled. "I did not mean to pain you, Bert; I do not

think I am going to die soon; I do not think I want to die now; I have much to make me very happy here. Please let me have one more look at those clouds; they are scattered down the sky as I loved to see them when I was a child. I used to fancy them melted glory spilled by the angels."

The prisoned face was released. "There's mother with Lou Everly," he said, as a carriage drew up. "And now, Blanche, coming down from the clouds, I hope we shall have tea early, for I am ravenously hungry, and we bears—Barton not excepted—subsist on substantial."

Blanche gave him a sisterly pinch and ran out lightly, to see what progress Dorcas was making. The old woman was always delighted to see her, and enjoyed nothing more highly than the encomiums she was sure to receive for her wonderful culinary feats.

"Just look at them biscuit, Miss Blanche," she said, as the young lady entered her domain; "they are going to be uncommon nice."

And Blanche looked, and duly admired. The necessary proximity to the oven gave a glow to her cheeks which she carried back to the parlor, and which elicited a remark from Miss Everly, on her improved appearance.

"Oh, yes!" put in Bert, "she says she will soon be able to personate Hygeira herself, provided Barton comes out speedily."

"Bert Warner!" exclaimed Blanche, the color in her cheeks deepening beautifully, "fabrication is another childish fault it would be well to lay aside."

And then the tea-bell rang, and the table talk took in the projected picnic, and the parties eligible for the occasion were discussed, and so Mrs. Marshal's nieces drifted into the conversation.

"One of them is immensely rich, I am told," remarked Miss Everly.

"And which one you will be at no loss to determine when you meet them; if a lavish profusion of gold and jewels, and the most disagreeable hauteur ever imagined, form any criterion," said Gilbert. "I wonder she doesn't label herself 'I am the Heiress' and have done with it; she surely doesn't imagine there is any taste or beauty in appearing, on all occasions, tricked out like a savage princess! Some one should suggest the addition to her charms of the Makalolo's pelelé. I hope she is one of those who never venture to join any out-door parties, because of 'the bugs and beetles that will crawl on one!'" with a ludicrous imitation of feminine fear,

"or at all events that I may be spared further contact with her ladyship."

Luna Reade must have appeared at her very worst in this young man's presence; for Gilbert Warner had, in his inmost soul, a fine wrought feeling of delicate, chivalric regard for the name of woman, which in view of his mother and sister, approached almost to worship.

CHAPTER IV.

Dear reader, whatever gales you may be weathering, whatever rocks and shoals may threaten your voyage, if you can look back over your life sea, to the green land of a childhood home, gilded by the bright presence of kindred hearts, and clustering with sweet associations, you cannot know the feverish longing that possessed Ralph Warburton, to explore the island of his past history that had so suddenly appeared in the bleak ocean of his life; a life, whose earliest memories were only of the rush of waves that bore him on, together with thousands, with none of whom he had aught in common save humanity.

The stars were just shrinking from the overpowering approach of the sun, and the robin family in the maple were holding a sleepy twitter of consultation as to what should be gotten for breakfast, when Ralph opened his window to the east. A song that was clearer and more lively than that of the robins, came floating up from below; and Ralph held his breath to listen. The voice sounded strangely like that of the young lady who was invariably the last individual to enter the breakfast-room, in an elaborate morning-dress, with her pretty eyebrows drawn up, and her mouth curved painfully, bestowing her greetings with a voice and manner which insinuated that she felt herself to be a deeply injured person, in view of the sun's presumption in rising before she felt disposed to do likewise.

That Luna Reade should be up, and singing like a lark, when the first streakings of the day's glory were faintly visible, betokened something unusual for that day's programme, Ralph thought, and fearing that something might interfere with his engagement with his mysterious acquaintance of yesterday, he decided to take an early tramp and return by way of Moss Dell College.

He was smilingly welcomed at the door by Stella, and found her grandmother evidently awaiting him.

"Ralph Warburton, you have kept your promise," she said, as he entered, rising and

holding out her hand. "I never knew a Warburton to break his word."

"Ah," replied Ralph, smiling as he took the proffered hand, "you must remember that my highest earthly interests prompted me to keep this engagement, even were I disposed to be unfaithful, which I hope I am not."

The parties seated, Ralph fairly trembled in his eagerness for Mrs. Edwards to begin her revelation; but the old woman deliberately pursued the even tenor of her way, remarking on the storm of yesterday, and then asking him some questions about his early life, his present home, the friends whom he was now visiting, and numerous other items altogether irrelevant, Ralph thought, and sorely trying to his patience. Her questions answered, she was silent for a few moments, and her visitor was about to take up the part of questioner in his turn, when she asked, suddenly: "Do you wish for increased riches, Ralph Warburton?"

She seemed to love to dwell upon the name.

"I do," answered Ralph, frankly; "not so much for my own sake, as for that of another."

"Who is that other?" demanded his questioner, imperatively.

"Her name is Miss Lilian Duncan," was the reply, in an amused way; "you see I am perfectly honest, my good mother; and now, have you ever heard of the young lady?"

"Yes, I have," she replied; "pray what relation do you sustain toward her?"

Ralph smiled again. "Well, madame," he said, "your question is pointed; and I shall attempt no evasion. I can only answer that our present relation is not so near as I desire and hope it will be in time."

The blind woman sprang to her feet with a suddenness that startled the other occupants of the room, as she exclaimed: "Young man, I warn you that this cannot be! Banish the thought at once. It is impossible!"

"So you think there is an impediment in the way. But may it not be removed?" he questioned.

"An impassable barrier that cannot be removed; never, never!" she responded, solemnly. "But no more of this now," she continued, resuming her seat.

She turned to a chest of drawers beside her, and taking a key from her pocket, inserted it with surprising dexterity. She produced a small mahogany box which she placed on the table, saying: "This box contains the proofs of what I am about to tell you."

She opened the casket by means of a spring, and took therefrom a small gold locket, the exact counterpart of which Ralph had in his possession. She turned both sides to him for inspection. The one bore his own initials in monogram; the other a device familiar to his eyes from his earliest recollection: but his emotion culminated when Mrs. Edwards displayed within a miniature which might have been mistaken for his own, but for sundry unmistakable tracings of the pencil of time on the wide, high brow.

"My father?" questioned Ralph, breathlessly.

"Yes; and now are you prepared to receive unquestioningly whatever statements I may make?"

"Most assuredly," was the answer. "Were I disposed to doubt your word, which I am not, I have the evidence of my own eyes that you are no impostor."

"Very good," replied the old woman. "It is well that you trust me. I possessed the utmost confidence of your father, and your mother also, until that dreadful night!" and she shuddered as she had done when speaking those words on a former occasion.

"It is twenty-six years next November," she went on, more as if talking to herself than addressing her listener. "That fearful storm! It came down on the channel like the outpouring of bottled wrath! I had warned Sir Ralph against venturing with his beautiful, frail, young wife and infant son on that treacherous element of destruction. It had swallowed up my hopes long before—but he would not listen to me. And when, after the ship received that dreadful shock that froze the blood in all our veins, he left his fainting wife a moment, and kissing his boy, placed this package in my hands, saying, 'Take care of it for him, if you are saved.' I knew I should never see him again. He never doubted that we would be saved or lost together!" There was a look of intense anguish on the blind woman's face, and the perspiration broke out on her forehead.

"Heaven knows I cared a thousand fold more for the safety of the child than for my own life! And I have lived over again and again in dreams, that awful moment, when, after they had placed me in the boat, I turned to receive the babe from the sailor who had taken it out of my arms, only to see that we were being lowered, and then to watch the watery distance widen between us, as the cruel billows dashed against the ship, and tossed our little boat like a bubble on the water.

"They said they could make one more visit to the ship before she went down, and promised to bring the baby safe next time; and I waited all night in the blinding storm, and when the morning came, the ship was gone; and I went to the fishermen's huts, and searched for the child, but I found it not; and I sought among the dead that strewed the sand, and I saw little angel-faced children there, but not the one I sought and feared to find. I found Sir Ralph among the sleepers, with his young wife, strong in her anguish, white faced, and with wild eyes, tearing her hair, beside him; and when she asked me for her baby, I would have given worlds like this to be lying among those calm-faced ones with the peaceful glory of the sunlight stealing over them. And then there came to me, some how, the assurance that the child was saved in some miraculous way; but she bitterly rejected my 'foolish fancy,' as she called it, and renewed her lamentations and reproaches. She never forgave me to the end; though in time she recovered from the blind frenzy of her first agony. But years afterward, when I stood beside her dying bed, she roused as if from sleep, just before her departure, saying: 'You were right, Bertha. The baby was not lost. I have seen him.' And her smile was perfect peace."

She was silent for a few minutes and then went on: "I kept the papers in my own possession, for I was sure I should meet you before I was called away. Oh, that my eyes had been spared to see your face! Yet I am thankful, truly thankful!" and placing the documents before him, she laid her hands on his head and wept in the gladness of her heart.

"You are sole heir to the Warburton estates," she continued, as soon as she was able to speak. "Do good, my son, with your abundance, and be happy. But let me warn you again, that you must utterly renounce the thought of making Lillian Duncan your wife. You must not ask why. I cannot tell you now, but come again in a fortnight; and in the meantime struggle to crush the feeling out of your heart. You say that you have confidence in my word, Ralph Warburton."

"The utmost," replied Ralph, pressing her hand warmly. "Accept a slight token of my trust and gratitude."

After Ralph had taken his departure, and Stella had examined the contents of the "token," a well-filled purse, the *Te Deum* was again heard in that humble home, from whose doors the wolf of want now seemed, to the simple-minded girl, forever banished.

CHAPTER V.

Luna Reade *did* join in the excursion to the Cove; and she and Gilbert Warner *did* come in contact; and the result was a vigorous game of "diamond cut diamond;" the part sustained by the young lady going far to confirm the young man in his preconceived unfavorable opinion. Later in the day, a party of the pleasure seekers, including the participants in the above-named combat, were discussing the respective claims to merit of two well-known writers of the day. Of course their views differed widely on this subject as on all others, however important or trifling; for it seemed that the two met but to conflict.

Arguments were adduced for and against both writers, the discussion being carried on chiefly between Gilbert Warner and Laurence Hartley, who espoused that side of the question which was contrary to his own belief, he acknowledged to himself, for the sake of defending Miss Reade's authoress; the young lady herself throwing in a sharp pointed sophism now and then as occasion offered. She represented her favorite as "one whose fearless attacks of error were destined to bring about a reform of many abuses."

"Well," answered Gilbert, "if humanity can be goaded into right paths, she is set apart to accomplish a great work, truly; but, in my humble judgment, she must fall far short herself, inasmuch as, in her pungent thrusts, she loses sight entirely of that love which is the fulfilling of the law. The spirit which pervades her productions is, in my opinion, itself one of the errors that call most loudly for reform. You may call me an opposer of the spirit of the age—you may call me what you will!" he continued, warmly, "but I do protest against these specimens of the *genus homo*, be they writers, speakers, or what not, who properly come under the designation of the acute angled! And I do so with the self-justificatory remark that in this crowded, bustling, jostling world, nobody has the right to cultivate angularities for the express purpose of thrusting them into the susceptibilities of their fellow creatures. Much as I abominate a cringing, pliant, gutta-percha character, that can't by any possibility summon the force to resist anything, I esteem such above the acute angled in the same degree in which I prefer a chameleon to a porcupine."

"Ah, Warner," put in Laurence Hartley, "I see you would put the brakes on the progress of reform."

"No, sir," answered Warner; "I am far

from being one of those to oppose bold innovation in the right direction. There is much of evil that ought to be suppressed; but I do not hesitate to assert as my opinion, that these same acute angled, whose name is legion, many of them in the first ranks of the reformers, are, themselves, among the unmitigated plagues and unabated nuisances. What can they hope to accomplish, so long as their highest aim is evidently a display of the sharpness of their weapons, and their skill in the use of the same?"

"But, Warner," replied Hartley, "you will not deny that satire is often a very effective means of correcting evil."

"No," replied the first speaker; "I admit that truth. It may be used occasionally with good effect; and I repeat that I do not oppose the combatting of truth against error in the manly and womanly style of tactics; but this petty, incessant, waspish thrusting which appears to have for its sole end, and can accomplish no other—the irritation, the exasperation of the thrustee; a *modus operandi* creditable only to such belligerents as mosquitos, gnats, and bees! This spirit has a wide-spread popularity, I admit, its devotees grow, thrive, and flourish in the East and the West, the North and the South; and the corner from which they have sprung is one of the corners which they thrust at every one who has been guilty of the unpardonable offense of opening his or her newly-found eyes for the first time in some other corner. And it comprises innumerable classes and infinite varieties. I know some persons—I wish I didn't—who seem to imagine it to be the chief end of man and woman to stand bolt upright, with elbows extended, revolving on their little axes after the style of a dry-goods dummy, thrusting said elbows into the unfortunate sides of all who approach them, with unsparing energy and apparent relish. Then there's the graceful specimen, who stabs you with such sweet, insinuating serenity, that you are hardly aware, for a time, that you have been assaulted. Then there is the great one, who punches his dignified cubitum into the ribs of nations, rulers, churches, and parties, with a majesty that is appalling. And oh, the multitudinous lines that intersect to form the instrument of torture for these unscrupulous!"

"But, Mr. Warner," said Luna, "pray consider. If you reduce the whole human family to a unit, with one unvarying line of thought, a peaceful interchange of the selfsame views on all subjects, you rob life of 'the spice that gives it all its flavor.'"

"I do not desire any such state of things," replied Warner. "There have always been points of difference, diversities of taste and sentiment, among the sons and daughters of men; and doubtless it will always be so; and doubtless it is best; but although my opinion is diametrically opposed to yours on some important question of the day, that fact does not necessitate the charging of said opinion into your face upon every occasion, whether you will or not. The wise man has said, 'There is a time of war and a time of peace;' but with some persons it is ever *flagrante bello*. I only wish the class could be congregated, and safely quarantined some leagues from the rest of man and womankind, with the privilege of indulging their penchant for thrusting, until their angularities should become a little more obtuse."

Gilbert Warner's companions laughed heartily every now and then, but the young man himself appeared the personification of profound earnestness.

"I am not talking for the sake of carping," he went on; "I do feel deeply on the subject of this jaggling and nettling. Its universality is astounding. If you grow weary of 'wars and rumors of wars' between the devotees of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' and with a thirst for something breathing of the spirit of peace, of 'the wisdom that is from above, first pure then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated,' take up one of the numerous ably-conducted religious journals of our day, and the first thing that meets the eye, perhaps, is an article wofully acute in its angles, from Doctor Ezekiel Somebody, in reply to an editorial from the pen of Doctor Jeremiah Somebody-else, of which an extract is given, of equal pungency. Because, forsooth, Doctor Ezekiel is of Paul, and Doctor Jeremiah of Apollos. Turn over the sheet, and probably the eye will next encounter a communication from the Reverend Job Such-an-one, in reply to an article from the Reverend David Such-another, with diamond-like—i. e., cutting—quotations from the latter, elaborately set in brilliantly sarcastic comment. Why? They belong to different ecclesiastical bodies, though bearing the same name; and to render the 'pushing with the side and shoulder and thrusting with the horns' still more unavoidable, the incense of the prayers of these ambassadors of the Prince of Peace ascends from different corners of the moral vineyard. And so these reverend doctors are fain to exhaust the pitiful double intent of vulgar parlance, in framing satirical thrusts

for one another, winding up, perhaps, with a courteous pleasantry which reminds one forcibly of the man who casts fire-brands, and then asks innocently: 'Am I not in sport?'

"Now, I would not presume to harbor a doubt that these good brethren are laboring for, and hopefully awaiting the glorious time when 'the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb;' but how utterly they ignore that 'good and pleasant thing' which need not wait the dawning of the millennial morning, 'the dwelling together of brethren in unity.' If all this is unavoidable now, then speed the day that shall end the reign of those 'who whet their tongues like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot out their arrows, even bitter words.' Whatever may have been our belief, whatever our name, whatever our nationality, whether the sun rose a few hours earlier or later, or shone with a greater or less degree of fervency upon our little spot of earth, will surely all be forgotten questions when each shall receive a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, and dwell in 'the city that hath no need of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof.'"

Luna Reade was evidently very uneasy during a part of this "protest," and when it was finished neither she nor any of her companions made any reply. When, a few minutes afterward, Gilbert Warner glanced at the young lady, he saw that her face was flushed and her eyes full of tears, whether from wounded feeling or some other emotion he had no means of determining.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I may presume to break this awful silence," rang out the music tones of Lillian Duncan, who had come upon the group during the hush that followed the solemn and beautiful quotation, "I am deputed to announce that this august assembly proposes to adjourn to the Table, a short distance above, for the benefit of the superior advantages the position affords for viewing the surrounding country."

The Table was a high, flat-topped rock, accessible by means of a slope on one side, with a wall at the back and a perpendicular descent to the river in front.

The party proceeded to the spot at once, and the different prospects were duly admired.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,'" quoted Lillian; "and with due deference to those mountains in their 'azure hue,' I say this dear old river will bear close inspection, and still be blue—or is it green?" she added, laughing. "I saw such beautiful mosses and lichens in the fissures of the Table the last

time we sailed, I presume they are tantalizingly just out of reach," and the fearless creature daringly approached the edge of the rock and looked over the dizzying height.

Ralph Warburton was standing several paces away; he saw the movement, and started forward just as the rash girl grasped aimlessly at Laurence Hartley, who stood near her, and with a fearful cry disappeared.

It was but the work of an instant for Ralph to throw off his coat and plunge after her.

The scene of consternation that followed I will not attempt to describe. Gilbert Warner alone displayed anything like a coolness requisite to the occasion. Seizing Luna Reade as she was recklessly rushing toward the fatal spot from whence Lilian had fallen, he gave orders in a prompt, authoritative way.

"Everly and Hartley, go down and bring up the boat as quickly as possible! Row for your lives, boys! He will be obliged to come in above the rock, and the current is terribly strong just here."

(To be continued.)

TO ARTHUR,

On bringing me a handful of purple *Houstonias* in Feb'y.

BY MRS. H. BUCKNER.

THY dimpled hands have brought to me
The heralds of the spring,
Emblems of truth and purity,
Of innocence and modesty,
And every heavenly thing.

Hast thou been out, my darling child,
Within the woodland bowers?
And didst thou find in crevice wild,
Where morning sunbeam longest smiled,
These purple-tinted flowers?

I wandered on the distant hills,
And searched with earnest care
Along the silver-footed rills,
Whose tinkling melody infills
The balmy, southern air;

And no bright, fragrant flowers I found
To cheer my longing sight,
Although I scanned each nook around,
And bent above each mossy mound
To catch their trembling light.

Perchance an angel walked with thee,
My blessed, blue-eyed boy,
And taught thy vision quick to see
Spring's amethystine jewelry
That gives thee sweetest joy.

So may an angel clasp thy hand
In all life's coming time,
And guide thee through the wintry land
Where blossoms deck the emerald strand
Of spring's eternal clime.

THE PITCHER-PLANT.

BY C.

HOW numerous and varied are the forms assumed by nature in fruits and flowers and other natural productions. And though much has been done to render their manifold treasures familiar to the public, yet even now it presents an almost unexplored field for scientific research.

There is not, perhaps, among the numerous examples that occur of the provident economy of nature in the vegetable part of the creation, a more remarkable instance of contrivance, or plan adapted to circumstances, or of means suited to the end, than that which is displayed in this wonderful plant, the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or pitcher-plant. Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate, and found in the most stony and arid situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would wither and perish. To the footstalk of each leaf, and near the base, is attached a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color of the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish-purple; it is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, contracts the vessel with the leaf. By the construction of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion of the fibre does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case the cover falls down and closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation from taking place. The water, being gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk, gives vigor to the leaf and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids open again to admit whatever moisture may fall, and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season sets in, it withers, and all the covers of the pitchers stand open. When viewing this singular plant, every one is constrained to say: "The hand that made it is Divine." "He doeth all things well."

DELAFIELD, WIS.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSIWAY POTTS.

No. X.

Well, the lalock allipacky and all the flaps, and flips, and snips that hung to it like fins and wings, was finished, and brought home in due season by Susie Parker. But the polynees—I winced and winced, and said: “Oh, git out!” when she came a-fumbling about my bosom, a-fixing and a-patting, and saying: “it draws a leetle there, needs a leetle more cotton, Miss Potts;” and then she tinkered around until I was clear out of patience. She said I was “so spare and scrawny, it took a heap o’ cotton to fill out the hollow places.” She said I must wear a cosset with it if I wanted to look nice.

The pattern had been so scant that Susie had to go back to the store three times to buy a few yards more, and then she said the polynees didn’t hang well. It did hang kind o’ stiff and scabbardy—the points down at the sides. It made me think of Melville Jones going to war. He was crippled in his fingers so that he couldn’t manage a trigger, but his patriotism was so gushing, so overwhelming, that he said he *must* go, and if he couldn’t handle a rifle he could a sword. He buckled on his sword, and ran all the way to the village to ’list, the scabbard clicking and battering his legs at every jump.

I anticipated a great deal of pleasure in going to church down at the Willows the next Sabbath with father and Deacon Skiles, or at least, I tried to make myself believe I did.

The deacon arrived on Saturday about noon. After dinner I sat by the south window of the kitchen, sewing some wide lace round my new lawn handkerchief, paying little attention to their conversation. I heard Deacon Skiles say to father, “well, brother Potts, if there’s any traps about here, that a fellow mortal on the way to eternity, could shave with, I do’ no’, but I’d better ’vail myself of the opportunity; don’t want to go down to the Willers to-morrow lookin’ like a hog-drover, eh,” and he drew his hard hand across his face, and the sound that reached me was sandy and gritty.

Father said, “well,” and then while he hunted up an old rusty razor, he tried to prove from the Bible that it was wicked for men to shave, and he cited him for proof to the old

long-bearded patriarchs—good men whom God loved and who found favor in his sight. The discussion became quite interesting.

The deacon said he wouldn’t take the trouble to go up stairs to shave, and grandma and the girls were in the sitting-room, so he took the small glass hanging in the kitchen, and the mug of tepid water, and sat out on the kitchen porch, leaning the glass on the sill of one of the windows. It was a bad position for a man to select, unless he wanted to make himself appear ridiculous.

I hurried into the sitting-room, and whispered to the girls that there was going to be a show in one of our back windows—that we could sit face to face with that delectable old Deacon Skiles, while he was shaving with the razor that Jonathan used to pare his corns, and he would never know it.

They scampered out and sat on the lounge opposite—across the kitchen from the window, and pretended to be reading.

It was very funny. I did pity the deacon a little, but it would have been a greater pity to have deprived the girls of such fine fun. First, he lathered his face all over except his eyes and forehead, and he looked like a man made of white sea-surf. Then he drew his heavy beetling brows and scolded at the razor’s edge, as he lengthened his visage and commenced scraping. What longitudinal eyes and mouths he did make! He could make his mouth go anywhere over his face; he could make it along side of either ear, quite down on his chin, or make it appear as though it had been cut the perpendicular way. Sometimes he would look like a horrible animal—something nowhere between monkey and man.

The girls peeped over the edges of their newspapers, and were convulsed with laughter. There was no monotony—no kaleidoscope ever presented a greater variety of views than he did of grimaces. The tears made by physical suffering flowed copiously down his face.

The next morning early, Susie came over to help me get ready for church. She made me wear her “cosset,” and Ida made me wear her hat instead of my calash. I did feel very

miserable rigged out in fashionable style. I felt like an officer with sword and epaulette, and stars and straps, and the old-time chapeau, to crown all.

Father drove, and I sat behind on a blanket with Deacon Skiles. I tried to feel peart and to be agreeable, but I felt like a stranger in a strange land. I never wore a corset before, or a hat, or any of the foolery that stuck out all around me.

The climax was capped when we reached the Willows, purple, and chilled, and chattering, and the blundering old deacon tried to help me out of the sleigh by taking both my hands in his. My unusual long skirt wouldn't get out from under my feet, and I buffeted and scuffled around as awkward as initiatory steps in dancing, and finally fell forward on my knees, like a weak young calf a day old.

Some men are so awkward, that if they attempt to assist a woman, they hobble her most effectually by imprisoning both her hands.

I jumped up and flipped around like a giddy little girl to hide my embarrassment. I remember that I laughed a laugh which I meant should be irresistible. A crowd of young men were standing about at the corner of the yard, and I heard one of them remark: "She looked just like a wild boar when she laughed her 'he he! he-he!'"

"Got the tushes, any how," said another.

I turned round and pretended to be smoothing the creases out of my polynes, but I was mortified beyond expression. Be sure, I had only two teeth in front—fangs—but must I hear of it at the very threshold of the house of God.

If it hadn't been for the corset I don't know but I'd busted right out into weeping. It rather strengthened and held me together and comforted me—it was like a rock in a desert land.

The sermon was a very good one. It treated on the mutability of life, and the necessity of regeneration, and the elect, and the orthodox, and such things. It was very plain and easily understood.

When I came home I laid off my fixings with a sense of relief, resolving never to put them on again—corset, and polynes, and hat, and high-heeled gaiters, and gloves so small that they drew the palm of my hand into a fold—none of these ever again.

Then, as I sat drinking my hot pepper tea and warming my feet, I took a good mellow cry, and told the girls and grandma what the

young men said of me, and about the bungling old deacon tumbling me out of the sleigh as unceremoniously as though I had been a sack of turnips.

Not one of them laughed, they all pitied me, and said they were proud of me, and that I ought to wear a crown of gold all the time, and so many sweet little extravagant expressions of love and tenderness, that after while I began to laugh, and grew as glad and serene as ever. Oh the comfort and happiness that does cluster in one's own home is more precious than anything else the world can give!

I had the headache the next morning and did not get up until after Deacon Skiles had started home. The voices and sounds from the dining-room I could distinctly hear in my bed-room. I presume the deacon did not eat a very hearty breakfast, for I heard father say, in his cordial way: "Why, deacon, you've not eat enough to pay for pickin' yer teeth!"

My asthma was unusually bad. I wheezed and puffed like a disabled locomotive. I knew if I had worn my wadded calash and my Bay-state shawl the day before, this illness had not been. But I made the best of it by bundling up nice and warm and sitting by the stove and reading Miss Bronte's Professor. I had saved it purposely for a sick day. I forgot my pain in its delightful pages.

In the evening a sleigh drove up, circled round, and then drove away again, leaving a little lady to pick out her way along the crooked path between the road and our house. Who should it be but the school ma'am, whom we all loved so well last summer, she of the golden hair and sweet womanly ways, our Saint Cecelia.

After I had told her of my indisposition and how it came about, she said: "I don't see why women shouldn't have suits the same as men, and wear the same suit all winter. Let it be repellant, for instance, neatly made, no surplus or useless fixings about it at all—just a plain, warm, comfortable suit; or, if not repellant, let the dress and sack or jacket, be serviceable serge, or some material that would stand all weathers and creasing and yet look well. Over this could be worn a circular, or wrap, or whatever conformed with the size and style and means of the wearer. This would be so much better than to wear a dress of one color, and a shawl of one, or a dozen colors, or a wrap whose hue and texture contrasted so unhappily with the dress that the lady would look like a dowdy, when she thought she was appearing attractive and beautiful."

"Brown, for instance," said the little saint; "now there's my brown merino that cost me almost a month's teaching, and I have nothing that harmonizes with it; my shawl is too gay, and my circular too sombre, and neither do the brown merino justice, they make it look common and cheap, so I only wear it on special occasions at home, with a pink bow to fasten my collar. It cost me too much to be ignored in that off-hand way."

So we all concluded we'd be like men, we'd have winter suits, anyhow, and only wear that one suit on all occasions.

We tried it, and really we do find life so much more enjoyable when the little annoyance of trying this bow, and that pin, and this shawl, and that coat, are all unknown. It is worse to have too many clothes than not enough.

Try the plan of one suit during the winter, and see how satisfactory it is to hook up the one same dress every time you go to church or go abroad, and button up the same circular, and slip on the same becoming hat, with no very tender trimmings outside to be handled "right side up with care," or pin the tasteful bow of the bonnet-ties under the chin substantially, and you will feel, with mind unruffled, like snapping your fingers in the world's face. You will find you have shuffled off little things that have absorbed a vast deal of time.

Daily do I find that it is these least important things that make life's worry, and fret, and fever; these most insignificant things are the grinding pebbles inside of our shoes. It depends, then, with ourselves whether we will have, and hold, and nurse these trifles until they grow to be "old men of the seas," whom we cannot shake off.

While my attack of asthma continued so bad, and my catarrh was so painful that I could hardly stoop, I sent word to Granny Greenstreet to bring her knitting some day and visit with me.

The good old lady came over early one morning; but she said her most urgent work was darning socks and stockings, instead of knitting, and that, though it was tedious work, she always liked to do it at times when she had a visitor or was going a-visiting herself.

I was delighted with one thing I learned of the old lady. I always keep my darning work and balls of different colors all together in one basket, and if I am in a hurry I have to tip the basket over to find the ball I need. But granny keeps all her balls of different colors, with two

or three darning-needles thrust in the highest one, in a net bag, made of coarse, colored cotton yarn. The bag is, perhaps, half a yard long. It opens at the top, and has a stout cord run round in it just as I have in my reticule. When she wants to put a ball in it, she draws the string at the top and opens and closes it. She keeps it hanging in a closet on a nail out of the way. I thought it a very nice arrangement. The meshes are about an inch square, and when she wants gray yarn for Daddy Greenstreet's socks she can look in anywhere and see the ball she wants, and draw the thread out from one of the meshes; or if red, for the grandchild's baby hose, there it is before her, without the trouble of searching and tumbling about among the balls.

She told me that when a sock was quite past darning she often made it last as long again, and be fully as warm as a new one, by laying a soft piece of new flannel inside and darning over it. She said a patch of flannel was far superior to one cut out of knit cloth, would wear longer, be warmer, and fit down softer and smoother; and for growing boys, whose thrifty toes grew faster than the sock stretched, it was a good arrangement, and was commendable economy.

Oh, these old mothers are treasuries full of ripe experiences! She told me one little incident that I must tell for Lizzie's sake—the Lizzie who made her sack, as a good housewife used to say of her dinners, "out o' next to nothin'."

Figures wont lie; no more will good old Granny Greenstreet lie.

She laughed and said: "Lizzie likin to have got ahead o' ye, Pipsey; but I can tell a true story that will exceed anything she knows of. It was in the year 1819, or thereabouts, that Zenobia Farnum was born. The Farnums were Yankees—came from the old Bay State—they lived down on the Cook place, and they were about as poor as the law allowed. Oh, they were mis'able poor—smart as steeltraps, though—and, as the time drew near for her to be confided, the poor young soul, to save her life, couldn't find a mite of a thing to make her baby a dress. Times were mighty hard. Farnum had all he could do to keep suthin' ahead to live on. One night the perplexed wife, lying awake contriving, crept out of bed softly and went to her sister's bed—Betsey lived with 'em—and said she, 'Bet,' said she, in a low whisper, 'I've thought of it; we'll have the old yo killed early in the morning, and you and I'll cut into it, and, the Lord help-

ing us, before we sleep her fleece shall be flannen.'

"The poor sister approved; so did the husband; and, rising very early in the morning, the old ewe was killed, her precious fleece was washed, dried, picked, carded, spun, spooled, warped, put into the loom, wove, cut out into a baby's slip of ample dimensions, washed and hung up before the wide fireplace to dry.

"When the rising sun peeped up over the brushy top of old 'Bald Knob' the next morning, the light shone in through the greased paper window upon a little stranger in white homestead hasty-flannel, and it made fighty fists, and kicked its wee pink feet right vigorously, as though trying to 'take the tailor' out of its more than imperial little robe.

"The young mother, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, looked lovingly upon her handiwork, and her babe seemed ten times more precious in the homely little garb, that was the result of so many plannings, and contrivings, and wakeful hours at night."

I believe I did tell once about speaking out my mind to sister Bodkin, and how she became angry and flipped off home as red as a turkey gobbler, with her shawl drawn so viciously around her that it fit like the bark on a tree.

Well, though we were both members in good standing in the Pottsville Baptist Church, my father a deacon, and her husband a trustee, we staid huffy a good while. But one time in meeting, when we both got to telling our experience, we both "mellered down" as Deacon Skiles would say, and shook hands and made up. Grandma says we're "thicker than ever we were." I sent her a mince pie the other day, and told her to test its merits, and tell me what was lacking. We had all tasted, and tasted, and couldn't tell what it needed. She said, *salt*. I told her it was preposterous to salt mince pies, that my mother never did it, or my grandmother, or my great grandmother, but I took her word for it and sprinkled a spoonful over the prepared mince meat, stirred it up well, and after it had stood awhile, tasted and found out that was just what it required to give body to it.

Many housekeepers use vinegar in making mince pies. Leave it out and add the more sugar, and you will find it a decided improvement. Instead of brandy, or vinegar, or anything used as a wetting up, take something out of your fruit-closet—almost any kind of marmalade, or jam, or fine juicy small fruits that you have canned. I set great store by canned

grapes for this purpose. We bought a new patented presser last fall, in which grapes can be pressed, and all the pulp saved. I had always wished for something of the kind.

But in Deacon Potts' family, mince pies are regarded as unwholesome, and we don't often have them. I don't allow the student-members of my family to eat anything that beclouds their minds and makes them dull.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, was never more fully verified than the other day in the case of old brother Cunningham, one of the pillars in the church down at the Willows. In his early life he was a butcher by occupation, and though he has been a farmer for nearly thirty years, the fact that he was born and bred a butcher, can be detected in his conversation.

He tarried with us one night this winter. He has one bad boy who will not walk circumspectly. In referring to him, the sad-hearted father said: "Tom's a bad boy. When we all came home from church last Sabbath, there he was out on the bank above the house, laughing, and talking, and smoking with a half dozen rough associates. I jest couldn't stand it, and I went out and I said: 'now,' says I, 'I wont have the Sabbath deseciated this way; if you come hanging about my house on that day again, I'll have every mother's son of you arrested, and Tom, too, hanged if I care if he is my son—the tail may go with the hide.'"

In speaking of his little fourteen-years-old daughter who could bake, and wash, and iron, and "do up" shirt bosoms remarkably well for one of her age, he said: "she done up the bosom of this shirt I have on, but it don't look so very well, *got a bad scald that time.*"

It was very amusing to see the butcher-dialect cropping out occasionally.

At this season of the year, when the days are so short that women can accomplish little else than to cook three meals a day, the housewife will find it to her advantage to take one day every week in which to cook an abundance those kinds of food that are good in winter weather to eat cold, or warm over, or those that improve with age.

A panful of baked pork and beans is good for hearty food, and improves with each successive warming over.

Meat pies are good, provided the crust is not made too rich; pigs' feet are good boiled done, and covered with vinegar, spiced or not, as one prefers; and for men who are chopping,

or making rails in cold weather, and who have sharpened appetites at noon, who need good fuel to keep up the fire within, a very good thing is pigs' feet boiled until they are so tender the bones will fall out. Mince the meat up finely, and boil down in the liquor until it all thickens together, pour into pans or shallow crocks, and when cold it will cut in appetizing slices like nice, firm jelly. Sometimes I lay the slices in vinegar half an hour before dinner. Then take out and sprinkle with pepper. Such rich food is only good for laborers.

And now in the cold weather, we kill six, eight, or ten chickens at one time. Put them down in a jar with a little sprinkle of salt, and place them somewhere that they may freeze or keep cold, and if the weather is likely to be too warm, cook them and fry a mess at a time for breakfast. The broth can be kept in a cool place, and used a few spoonfuls at a time, with cream and butter, made into a gravy to pour over the dry bits of bread and the half-biscuits that will accumulate even in well-regulated families. When we have so many killed at once I fry all legs for one meal, all wings for another, and all backs for another, because it is rare and not common.

We often make rice-puddings that will last four or five days, in a pan holding about three quarts. The ingredients are two quarts of good milk, a heaping cupful of sugar, four eggs, a pinch of salt, a lump of butter—thicken with rice cooked soft—and just before it goes into the oven add a double handful of raisins. Before it is dished out let it be stirred up from the bottom of the pan. Grate nutmeg over it.

Doughnuts are good, and will keep a week at a time in a large stone jar closely covered. Before they are put away let them cool off so they won't become damp or soggy. They can be made as good as new by placing them in a hot oven a few minutes. If they are made up with sour cream and no lard put in, the lard in which they are fried will not penetrate.

One can bake a bushel of ginger-snaps at a time, and, like good people, they will grow better as they grow older. Season them with cinnamon instead of ginger, and it is an agreeable change.

Gingerbread will keep any length of time, and is good, if made right.

Last summer when Ida and Lily started to Pennsylvania to stay a fortnight among the wild scenery, I told them to keep their eyes open, and their hearts warm, and to try and learn something new that would refresh me when they came home.

Not least among the good things they brought with them was a recipe for a delicious gingerbread, that was one of the edibles at Mrs. Bolton's picnic at Slippery Rock.

That joyous family picnic was a marvel of an adventure, as I learned in my sorrow listening to the delirious ravings of poor Sissey Ida, in a severe attack of fever that followed soon after her return. I gathered from her broken words the belief that a more grand and beautiful and picturesque spot is hardly to be found in the old Keystone State, than is Slippery Rock.

But of Madam Bolton's gingerbread: Take two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little ginger. Stir in flour until it forms a stiff batter, bake in a buttered pan. It burns easily, and care must be observed in baking it.

Lily calls it Revel cake, and we all call it by that name now. One Sabbath when we went to church and she staid at home, she ate the corner off a nice little square cake of it that I was saving for our dinners. I scolded her, and told her that would be the last time she would get to stay at home and spend the Sabbath in feasting and revelry. She laughed right in my face, and pulled my ears, and pinched me, and said if a little snip of gingerbread constituted feasting and revelry, good times were easily and cheaply gotten up.

It is a little strange what a marvellous faculty some people have of probing old half-healed wounds. I do get so hurt sometimes that even crying, or tearing my little scarcity of hair, or—or even swearing wouldn't relieve me, or restore my peace of mind. I feel like howling out my indignation, and shaking everybody who comes in my way.

For instance, twenty-five years ago Sam Starkey ran away on the eve of his marriage to pretty little Hetty Summers, the pride of the family, the idol, the flower, the only daughter, and Hetty was left disgraced, broken-hearted, and deserted by her old associates.

So she took to wearing an old slouch sun-bonnet, and no petticoats, and she kept in alleys, and slinked across lots, and through the woods, like a poor hunted outlaw, afraid of being seen. Curious girls made errands to go to her house to borrow an oak-leaf pattern to quilt by; or to exchange white yarn for clouded; or to swap a setting of Dominique eggs for Polands; or something else that showed it was a made-up excuse.

The whole family felt the disgrace, and in a

year or two they sold out and moved to Illinois, and we had quite forgotten them.

The other day Seth Johnson came in to borrow my reel. One of the spokes was loose and I made him sit down and wait 'till I'd melt some rosin and iron-filings together and mend it. It had been my grandmother's reel in her dark days down in "the Jarneys," when her reel and her wheel were her constant companions.

While I was busy fussing around there was a rap at the door, and I told Seth to open it. Who should come in, looking hale and hearty, but our old neighbor of twenty-five years before, Joachim Summers, the father of Hetty! We knew his sad eyes, and the same snorty laugh of long ago. He was appearing very well. He couldn't stop long that time, so we all talked at once, but the poor fellow staid long enough that our blundering neighbor, Seth Johnson, could hit him most effectually in the tenderest, sorest place. I often wonder if a person with a kind heart can do such coarse things accidentally.

Seth was telling about his family, and he said: "Jakey he's my youngest son. Don't you mind Jakey? He was about a week old or so at the time of the flare-up at your house—the time Sam Starkey run away." And Seth's legs and arms twitched with a little nervous shrinking, as though he thought: "Wonder how he'll take that?"

I pretended to be intent on drawing out the red embers on the stove-hearth, but the half-glimpse I caught of Joachim Summer's face I'll never forget. He seemed choking, stunned, broken—oh, so hurt!

The silence was oppressive. I couldn't think of anything to say. In a few moments Joachim rose, and, almost as though feeling his way to the door, he left, saying he would call again.

As he turned round the corner among the walnut-trees, I saw his form bending forward, his head quite bowed down.

"Looks nateral, Joachim does," said Seth, giving his vest an awkward jerk, as though he hardly knew what he was doing, and didn't know what to say.

"There's the reel; you can take it now," I said, in a cold, hard, voice, and I sat it down close to his chair in a very decided way. I presume the reel wouldn't weigh more than twenty pounds, but I let it down as though it weighed a ton, and went into the other room and shut the door, and tried to think about "he that ruleth his spirit," etc., but I didn't think it very complacently—I couldn't make it stay thought.

A disgraceful incident that transpired over fifty years ago in our neighborhood is still handed down from one generation to another; our ten-years-old children know of it; and if there remains one who does not, he will not long remain in ignorance; some long-tongued old gossip will while away a rare winter evening in dilating upon it, rounding out and exaggerating the story, and letting it lose nothing, rather fatten in its antiquity.

Oh, my heart has ached over that story, that is still perpetuated after the noble and beautiful and good characters in it have mouldered back to mother earth, and of their mortal bodies not one handful of dust remains. Among the spirits of "just men made perfect," our hearts assure us, that living and loving and glorifying God, are those blessed ones who are discussed by unknown tongues that wag their villification in this latter half of the century that knew them once, but will know them no more forever.

Sometimes bad little boys delight in laying a slender thread of a dead green snake across a stick, and chasing the little girls with it. It is an ugly trick, and good boys wont do such naughty things.

The same spirit will get possession of me sometimes when proud relatives come to visit us, and they are so exalted that one would think they were all descendants of Lard Chesterfield and the Duke of Wellington, that no plebeian blood ever flowed through their veins.

In my researches among old things, I found a treasure—our grandfather's account-book from the years 1814 to 1819. Money was so exceedingly scarce then that a man hardly hoped or desired more than nineteen dollars and twenty cents, which was the interest on the purchase-money for a quarter section of land. If a man lived on one hundred and sixty acres of land five years, and at the end of that time paid that sum, the land was his; if not, it reverted back to the government, and any man could buy it for that price. And for want of this nineteen dollars and twenty cents, many a precious held farm was forfeited. What to us is now a poor, little, mere pinch of money, was all in all to those early pioneers desiring homes of their own.

In those days, whiskey was common currency—respectable, legal currency—and it is folly for silly young womanhood to toss her jute curls and ignore that fact now. In view of this, I manage to get up a conversation about our venerable ancestor—his intellect, his large-

heartedness, his virtues, his generosity, and the hardships that broke him down in the ripeness and prime of his early manhood, and laid him in a forest grave. I show his beautiful and his dashing penmanship, good spelling, point out the quiet streak of humor, just discernable like a little bright thread, and then I bring forth the old account-book, and then comes the time that "tries men's souls."

I open at a rare page where he had sold corn and taken his pay in the two current commodities, salt and whiskey. Poor man he had something to trade on while the whiskey lasted, for on another page I read:

Dec. 8, 1817—Bought of Richard Guthrie one barrel of whiskey and 89 pounds of salt.
Dec. 11, sold to N. Dehaven, one gallon of whiskey. 0.25
" 12, sold to Aaron Crosby, one quart of whiskey. 6½
" 12, sold to Nathan Dehaven, one quart of whiskey. 6½
" 13, sold to J. Fisher, one gallon of whiskey. 25

and so on down two or three long pages sold, loaned, given away, until the whole barrel of currency is gone.

Then the cousins will begin to show "what manner of men they are," and say: "dear me, what a pity! I hope folks don't know it! I'd keep that old book out of sight."

"Oh, no," I say, blandly, "it's all right; nothing wrong, only that times have changed somewhat."

I am proud of the old relic, and while I make due allowance for all change, and for old customs fallen into disuse and disgrace, I see nothing to be ashamed of, nothing that was dishonorable in those early days of want and privation. At the same time I bless God for the change, and the progress, and for the golden opportunities that crown the glorious present.

My neighbor, Philinda Sneeks, says she knows Sister Bodkin is a proud woman, because she never saw her yet, wash-day or even butchering-day without a collar on. I think Philinda Sneeks is a very small woman, if she would judge another's character by the collar, certainly if it was a clean collar. I did tell you once what kind of a housekeeper Philinda is, and all about her George Washington, and how I'd a' married Squire Dougherty only for her, and all that. She's out with me, for she said I "come a-peekin' through her winder,"

but I'm sure I didn't; still, "if the shoe fits, let her wear it," as the old sayin' is.

Sister Bodkin is a member of Pottsville church, in good standing, and I won't hear her traduced by nobody. She always wears collars because her husband wants her to, and because she likes to appear well before her family. Goodness knows she don't go in debt for her collars, for the last half dozen she made with her own hands, for I saw her do it with my own eyes now.

She bought cluny lace, three sizes in width, the widest was for the lower edge which she held the least bit full, as she sewed it on the edge of the next in width, and that one she held a little full as she sewed it on to the narrow one that just met around her neck.

It is very easily done, and after it is washed and starched it can be stretched into good shape, and will come out a good deal prettier, and a more substantial collar when ironed, than can be bought for four times what it cost.

Of course, women should wear collars every day of their lives—there's a great degree of beauty and grace in a little white collar, no matter if it's on the neck of a woman to whom candy wouldn't taste sweet because of her homeliness. There's a charm in the least bit of a collar. For every day wear I make them of lace two inches wide, gathered just enough to fit around the neck and not draw or fluff up like ruffled feathers; gather on a band of lace, or edging, or insertion. If you want to round the corners in front, lay little plaits in the lace and run it on around the ends of the band. Mind you hem your edges and ends—it is worth doing honestly and well, so that it may stand the perils of the washtub. Two such collars will not cost more than a quarter—it takes a few inches over a half yard of the widest lace. Just let me whisper that such collars do make the most acceptable present (in a collar-box) to a poor woman, or to a young girl whose habits of neatness are unformed, unknown. That little seed will take root nineteen times out of twenty, and see how little it costs you, and how great a thing it is to the poor girl who may live to thank, and bless, and remember you, oh, so kindly! Try it.

Three years ago last November I bought six small linen collars, cost one dollar, fastened with a narrow band round the neck. I wore them every day for three years and they are in a tolerable state of preservation yet; two or

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three of them would have to be turned t'other side out.

Money spent for sensible collars is money well invested—for even a neat little collar helps to make home cheerful and attractive.

With the grace of humility, and a sweet temper, and neatness in apparel, we may all become priestesses and be worshipped at the sweetest of all shrines, our homes.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?

BY DORA.

I HAD a little girl once. I have her now—only she is waiting in Heaven for me. She left us years ago, and we mourned long because our home was childless. She was a gentle, loving little girl. So obedient and docile, that we had only pleasant memories of her short life. And without her our home seemed so desolate, and it was very hard for us to say, "Thy will, Father, not ours." But I think the grief did us good—made us more patient and loving, and helped us to look heavenward more. Six months ago our boy came. "Are you not sorry your baby is not a girl?" was asked me often during the first few weeks of his life. But I was so glad to have a little one—a little, loving child once more—that I said to them all: "No, I don't care, so long as 'tis a perfect healthy baby." And a strong, healthy child—as ever made glad a mother's heart, mine has proved to be. But he is a boy! A real live boy, that now at six months old takes delight in pounding with his sturdy fists. Has real naughty fits of screaming when his will is crossed, and already shows a decided will of his own, too. He is a boy, and I don't know anything about boys. I never had a brother—my boy cousins were nearly all men grown, when I came on the stage of life—and though my mother used to call me a "Tom boy" sometimes to check my love of romping, yet I don't think I was *very* boyish—and so I say I don't know what to do with a boy. My home has been so long quiet and orderly, with no child to scatter and tumble, and now *this* boy has come into its peaceful borders, and already created a new order of things—or rather things with *no* order, that I am puzzled.

For I want to be everything to my boy. I want he should feel that his mother is his best friend. But how can I enter into a boy's life? I understood my little girl. For I remembered my own girlhood and its longings.

But *this* boy? How shall I understand him? I am over thirty years old, too. Time and sorrow have quieted me down. But I want to be fresh and joyous for my boy's sake. Oh! I want my boy's hear. I want him to be a *true* boy, too. I don't want him a milk sop. But I know so little about a boy's nature. Oh, mother's, whose sons are your daily pride—how do you do?

HAPPY are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

KINDNESS is the music of good will to men; and on the harp the smallest fingers may play Heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

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THE SEAMSTRESS' MONEY.

BY J. E. M'C.

"PLEASE leave me the money, William, to pay Mrs. Evans to-night for making your shirts, I shall owe her three dollars in all."

The money was taken out cheerfully from a scantily stocked pocket-book. William felt that his wife had cares and labors enough without doing all the extra sewing. So it was by his express desire that his shirts were sent out to be made.

After he had gone, Miss Lily came up and opened the little velvet portmanteau, looking very longingly at the new three-dollar bill.

"Just the very sum I wanted, mother, for a new pair of gloves and a wine-colored sash for my new dress. I cannot bear to wear them next Friday without, and father told me decidedly he had not the money for them. It seems he has money."

"But this is due, my dear, to a poor woman."

"But, mother, I don't doubt but she could wait a little. You could easily save the three dollars on something in a week or two, out of money father gives you for household expenses."

"I am not so sure of that. Money is very scarce now with your father, and I only call on him for the barest necessities."

"Well, you would think this a necessary," pouted the young girl, "if you had to go out in society as I do. How do you suppose I feel dressed so differently from all the rest. Now, mother, do let me take this money just for this afternoon, and I won't ask for anything again this long while."

Mother was once persuaded, and allowed her daughter to appropriate the money, thus teaching a lesson in deception, in vanity, dishonesty, and injustice to the poor. Lily quickly put on her things and went out to make her purchases before mother could have a chance to re-consider the question.

The look of the poor widow that night as she turned away without her hard earned money, smote to the heart of her employer. The words, too, that she uttered as she left her doorway rung like a knell through the chambers of her soul. "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY calls Death "the dark-faced but kind-hearted usher, sent out to lead us to our Father's palace." What could be more comforting and beautiful?

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE RAIN STORM.

BY IRENE L.

(See Engraving.)

IT was a great disappointment to Edgar. He was all dressed and ready for a walk with his mother in the fields and woods, when it suddenly grew dark and large rain-drops came pattering against the window.

"Oh, dear!" he cried, as he looked up at the clouds—"Oh, dear!" it's always the way when I'm going out. I wish it would never rain."

"What did my little boy say?" asked Edgar's mother, who heard these fretful sentences. "Never rain?"

"There's no good in it," Edgar replied, his face as gloomy as the sky. "No good at all, but to wet the ground and make it so muddy a little boy can't go out."

"Do you know what makes the grass grow?"

Edgar did not answer.

"It is the rain," said his mother. "If it were never to rain any more, the grass, and flowers, and trees would all die. We should have no grain or fruit for food. The earth would become a barren waste, and birds, and beasts, and men would all perish."

Edgar got down from the chair and came to where his mother was sitting.

"Does the rain make things grow, mamma?" he asked, the look of fretfulness going out of his face; and his mother answered: "The rain and the sunshine together."

"Oh, I didn't know that," said Edgar.

"You've seen me water the flowers. They were dry, just as little boys get dry, and I gave them water to drink. If I had not done so, they would have withered and died. Now, the earth is a great fruit and flower garden, given to us by the Lord; and he waters it with rain. If he were not to do so, every green thing would perish, and we would have neither food to eat nor water to drink. Isn't he good?"

Edgar had climbed to his mother's lap, and was looking earnestly into her face.

"And is he watering his garden now, mamma?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

Edgar was silent for some moments. In the pause the patter of large drops could be heard on the window panes. A gentle, serious, but sweet expression was resting on his countenance.

"I hope he's not angry with me," said the child, a little tremor in his voice.

"No, darling; God is never angry with us, but only sorry when we do wrong."

"It was wrong for me to wish it would never rain."

"You didn't mean to do wrong."

"No, ma'am. I only felt so bad; and I didn't know that it was the good Lord watering his garden with rain."

"And here comes his sunshine after the rain!" exclaimed Edgar's mother, as beams of light came bursting into the room. "He has watered the earth as a garden, and now sends upon it his twin blessing of sunshine. Come to the window and let us see how beautiful it is making everything."

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The clouds had broken and were passing away. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began. On every leaf, and flower, and blade of grass hung crystal drops, brighter in the sunbeams than diamonds; and far away in the Heavens a beautiful rainbow had thrown its arch of colors on the clouds.

"God knows best, my darling, when to send the rain and when the sunshine," said the mother.

Peace had come into the child's heart, and he only answered: "I am glad now that the good Lord has sent the rain."

THE CANDLES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was a great wax candle, that was quite aware of its own merits. "I am wax by birth and moulded into form," it said. "I give more light and last longer than other candles, and my place is in a chandelier, or a silver candlestick."

"That must be a beautiful existence," said the tallow candle. "I am only tallow, and nothing but a dip; yet that I console myself with thinking, is better than being a rushlight, which is only dipped twice. I had to be dipped eight times to attain my proper plumpness. I am quite contented. Of course it gives one a grander station and a gayer life, to be wax by birth and not tallow; but one cannot choose one's own station in this world. You will go up into the great room, and I shall stay here in the kitchen; yet this is a good place, too—all the house gets its food out of it."

"But there is something of higher importance than food," said the wax candle; "and that is Society—to see it shine, and to shine oneself. There is a ball here to-night. I and all my family will soon be sent for."

The words were hardly spoken, when the wax candles were fetched. And the tallow candle was wanted, too; the mistress of the house took it up in her own delicate hand, and carried it into the kitchen. A little lad stood there with a basket. She filled it with potatoes and a few apples, and gave them all to the poor boy.

"And here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits working till late in the night, so this will be of some use to her."

The little daughter of the house was standing close by, and when she heard the words "late in the night," she burst out joyfully: "I shall be up late in the night, too. We are going to have a ball, and I shall wear the big red ribbons."

How her face glowed! It was joy itself. No wax candle could ever shine like the child's two eyes.

"A blessed sight!" thought the tallow candle; "I shall never forget it, and never see the like of it again, most certainly."

And now it was laid in the basket, under the lid; and the boy went away with it.

"What is to become of me now?" thought the dip. "I am going to poor people. I may not get even a brass candlestick, perhaps; whilst the wax candle sits in silver, and sees the finest company. How delightful it must be to give light to fine company! But it was my lot to be born tallow, and not wax."

And the dip came to the poor people—a widow with three children, in a low, narrow room, just opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she has given," said the mother. "Why, here is a beautiful candle; it will last me quite late in the night."

And the candle was lighted.

"Foh!—laugh!" it said; "that was a nasty stifling match that she lighted me with! Very different from what they would offer a wax candle in the rich house there!"

And there also the candles were lighted, and they shone across the street. Carriages rolled up with guests in fine ball-dresses, and the music sounded.

"Now they are beginning over there," thought the dip; and it remembered the rich little girl's glowing face, brighter than all the waxlights all together. "Such a sight," it went on thinking, "as I can never see again."

Just then the smallest child in the poor people's house came up—a little girl it was; she took brother and sister round the neck; she had something very important that must be told in a whisper.

"We are going to-night—only think—we are going to have hot potatoes!"

Her eyes glowed with delight. The candle shone straight into them; and there it saw a joy and happiness as great as in the rich house opposite, where the little lady had said: "To-night we are to have a ball, and I shall wear the big red ribbons."

"Is it just as great a treat, then, to get hot potatoes?" thought the dip. "The little ones here are

just as much delighted;"—and it sneezed its approval * of the thought—that is to say, it sputtered; which is all that a tallow candle can do.

The table was spread: the potatoes were eaten. How nice they tasted!—it was quite a feast; and then each child had an apple for dessert, and the smallest one repeated the little verse:

"Again to thee, O God, I say
My thanks, for feeding me to-day.
Amen."

"Was not that said nicely, mother?" she exclaimed in the same breath.

"You must not talk and ask questions like that," said the mother; "you must only think of the good God who has fed you."

The little ones were put to bed, and were kissed and asleep at once; whilst mother sat up sewing till late in the night, to earn a livelihood for herself and them. And still from the rich house opposite the lights shone and the music sounded. The stars glistened above all the houses—above the rich and above the poor ones, equally bright, equally blessed.

"This has really been a famous evening," mused the dip. "I wonder whether the wax candles can have had a better one. That is the one thing I should like to know, before I am quite burned out." And it thought of the two happy faces—the one lighted up by wax candles and the other by a dip candle.

Well—that is the whole story.

* If a Dane sneezes when telling anything, he will say: "I sneeze to the truth of it, you see."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE MOTHER'S SURPRISE.

(See Engraving.)

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive."

On the walls of their Sunday-school room, this passage from the Book of books had often met the eye of Mrs. Logan's children; but they never clearly understood its meaning until last Christmas.

Their mother was a widow. While they were small, she had no income but what she earned with her own hands. As they grew up, Lizzy, the oldest, and Philip, who came next, joined their helping hand to hers, and soon doubled the means of support. Philip was in a store, where he received five dollars a week, and Lizzy earned nearly as much by sewing. Jane, who was still younger than Philip, tried to do her part, and often added her one or two dollars to the common stock.

"It will be Christmas in four weeks," said Philip one evening to his oldest sister, "and I'll tell you what I've been thinking about. Mother ought to have a present—something real nice and good."

A little shadow came into Lizzy's face.

"Yes," she answered; "but where is it to come from?"

"From us children. I've been thinking it all over."

The shadow faded off of Lizzy's countenance.

"I'm going to get something to do in the evening, if I can," said Philip. "I heard our bookkeeper tell one of the clerks that his books were away behind, and that he'd have to be at the store every night for

two or three weeks to get them up, and he asked the clerk if he wouldn't come down and help him. But the other one said no, indeed; he didn't believe in night work.

"You needn't work any; just come and stay with me," said the bookkeeper. "I don't like to be all alone in the store at night."

"But the clerk wouldn't agree to come. Now, I'm going to offer my services for a dollar a week; and I guess Mr. Oldham will take me up. If he don't, I'll look out for something else. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

Philip's voice and manner were full of confidence, and Lizzy caught something of his spirit. She encouraged her brother to do as he had suggested, and promised to help all she could in raising a little fund for their mother's present. Jane, a younger sister, was taken into their secret; and the three children set themselves to work to earn and save money in order to give their mother a sweet surprise at Christmas.

We will not tell of all the self-denial they practised, nor of the hours they worked when others were resting or at play. When Christmas Eve came they had a fund of nearly ten dollars, every cent of which was spent for the mother, who had no suspicion of what was coming.

The glad surprise, the tearful joy, the tender love and thankfulness shown by the mother on Christmas morning, when mind and heart took it all in, were the children's sweet reward. A thousand times more

blessed were they in this their giving, than they had ever been in receiving. It was the happiest of all their Christmases, a day never forgotten, and always pleasant in remembrance.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

THERE'S many a holy and rapturous strain
Floating over the river of Death,
To the weary who wait, like the ripened grain,
For the touch of the Reaper's breath.
There are flashes of light on each lifted wave,
As it glides from the farther shore
To the shadowy border our tear-drops lave,
In the lull of the waters' roar.
There are harp-strings stirred by the perfumed air,
And gushing with melody sweet,
Like the whispered notes of a child at prayer,
In the hush of the twilight deep.
They list to the music solemn and grand,
And heed not the eddying tide,
For they catch a gleam of the forms that stand
By the stream on the other side.
And we see a light on each calm, white brow,
Like the glow of a roseate dawn;
But we see not the lips on the lids of snow,
All the night that we deem so long;
And we only know, when we hear no moan,
As we watch for the passing breath,
That angels are tenderly lifting them down
The banks of the river of Death;
Only know that their footsteps are pressing the sands,
That are washed by the wandering waves,
And that over the billows outstretched are their hands,
To the sweet shore that shelters and saves,
And over their bosoms fresh garlands we lay,
And lilies we twine in their hair;
"Fit emblems of beauty new-blighted," we say,
"These garlands and lily-buds are!"

I call it not blighted—I deem them not dead
Who pass thus away in their bloom,
For they rest in their beauty where tears are not shed
O'er the darkness and blight of the tomb.
And oft, leaning low from my lattice, alone,
I list, if perchance I may hear
Through the dark of my willows that sway and moan
Like mute mourners over a bier,
The shimmer of sails, and the wooing of waves,
And the plash of an odorous oar,
As the Reaper comes from his coralline-caves,
To carry me safe to the shore.
And I cry for the swoop of a seraphim-wing,
For the clasp of a seraphim-hand.
For the flowing of songs that my Beautiful sing
In the light of the Luminous Land!
But alas! I listen and cry in vain,
Yet I know that my faltering feet
Will wander ere long from the valley of Pain
To the tide where two mysteries meet;
That I shall grow glad as the gods below,
And calm as the Christ above,
Blind to the beat of the blinding snow,
Secure on the bosom of Love:
Of love that is infinite—love that will bear
Me far to the fair and the free,
Where fadeless, light lilies and immortelles are—
Where my missing are waiting for me.

LETTER TO THE "HOME."

POINT BLUFF, WIS., December, 1871.

DEAR HOME MAGAZINE: Like the rest of your readers I am delighted with such entertaining company And to me so new. I do not think that I ever happened to meet with a copy of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE till I saw the January number, when I became a subscriber, a year ago; but we find it so social, entertaining, and instructive, that we have come to watch for its arrival as for the advent of a dear friend. In the dreariest of winter days, it brings into our back country home, as if by magic, a world of sunshine and music, birds and flowers.

We love all who contribute to its pure and instructive pages; but there is one of whom my grateful heart prompts me to speak particularly, and that one is the author of the sweet story of "Annie's Angels," the blessed influence of which penetrated to the innermost chambers of my heart. Next I was instructed and delighted by "Other People's Windows," by "Pipsey Potts." Then came "The Robin's Nest in the Elm," by Rosella Rice—to a lover of nature, one of the sweetest, tenderest, and most humorous and delightful stories that ever was read.

Last evening, when I brought out "Annie's Angels" for a friend to read, and discovered that "our Zella" was the author of that too, my satisfaction was complete. Yes, *our Zella*; for the story of "My House in the Pear-Tree" makes her at once and forever *our own Zella*; and I wish that when she wondered if ever anybody would be glad that she lived, she could for one moment have known that *sometime* thousands would bless the day of her birth.

"My House in the Pear-Tree" is no idle fancy sketch. Touched by the magic wand of memory, it sprang fresh and truthful from the heart. Poor little Zella—"our Zella"—with nobody to understand her, to sympathize with and restrain, to encourage and guide her steps in that path of genius in which she must walk! Nature's own dear child: It seems as though, in those dark, lonely days, even the trees and climbing-vines she so much loved must have reached out their fond, encircling arms to clasp her in a tender, pitying embrace.

There are many of us whose dwarfed and blighted lives will never blossom out as hers has done; but let us unselfishly rejoice in her success and happiness.

May God give her a long and useful life; and may that Saviour whom I am sure she loves keep her heart, and "cover her with the shadow of His wings" when she looks down from the heights of fame upon the thousands who have enshrined her sweet, loving and truthful words in their very heart of hearts.

LEONIE.

STRANGELY do some people talk of getting over a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.—Miss Mulock.

MUCH of the unhappiness in this world arises from giving utterance to hasty, unkind words.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

GOING TO SLEEP.

BY ALICE CAREY.

NOW put the waxen candle by,
Or shade the light away,
And tell me if you think she'll die
Before another day.

She asked me but an hour ago,
What time the moon would rise,
And when I told her, she replied,
"How sweet 'twill make the skies."

Then came a smile across her face,
And though her lips were dumb,
I think she only wished to live
Until that hour were come.

And folding her transparent hands
Together on her breast,
She fell in such a tranquil sleep
As scarce seems breathing rest.

Was that the third stroke of the clock;
The hour is almost told—
Above yon bare and jagged rock
Should shine the disk of gold.

'Tis coming up! the glow I see
Burn faint along the blue;
How soft her sleep is; shall I call,
That she may see it too?

Nay, friend, she would not see the light,
Though called you ne'er so loud,
So bring of linen, dainty white,
The measure of the shroud.

The drowsy sexton may not wake,
He must be called betimes,
'Twill take him all the day to make
Her grave beneath the limes.

For when our little Ellie died,
The days were not so long;
And what with telling ghostly tales,
And humming scraps of song,

To school-boys gathered curiously
About the bed so chill,
I heard them digging till the sun
Was down behind the hill.

Oh, do not weep my friend, I pray,
These beams that round her creep,
Keep all the evil things away
That troubled once her sleep.

LOST BLOSSOMS.

BY M. B. C. FLADE.

AS I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the wintry wood,
I remember how green in the spring-time
The grove in its beauty stood;

And how the anemones glistened,
Drooping, snow-like, all over the ground,
While the little white violets listened
To the spring-brooklet's musical sound.

I remember how trustful the other
Blue violets opened their eyes;
Smiling up like a babe to its mother,
To the blue of the smiling skies.

I remember—I pressed to my bosom
My boy in the woodland green,
And thought him the loveliest blossom
The Spring-angels ever had seen.

As I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the forest lorn,
I can see that the leaves are all withered,
I can see that the flowers are gone.

I do not know why they were bidden
Away from our sight to go,
I do not know where they are hidden;
This, only, I surely know:

That when the long Winter is ended,
And the earth grows warm in the sun,
The Lord will give back to her bosom,
Each lost little blossoming one.

I do not know where they have borne him,
My blossom, so fair and so pure,
I do not know why I must mourn him;
Of this, only this, am I sure:

That, when the long Winter is ended,
And the Spring-time of Heaven begun,
The Lord will fold back to my bosom
My lost little blossoming one.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

JUST as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.

So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content:
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands.

I would that he should all fulfill,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;

That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide;
In faith, in hope, in suffering true:
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?

I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers seen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen

How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, he leads me still.

Lampertus. 1625.

long rested upon the venerable head of Mother Goose, as in the present volume of "Sing-Song," she seems to have become, her notes are not particularly creditable. With all of Mother Goose's apparent nonsense, her rhymes have none of the hidden wisdom contained in the nursery jingles of the worthy old dame, whom she has had the boldness to attempt to rival. The illustrations of her pretty volume, however, are eminently quaint and pleasing. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

JAPAN, IN OUR DAY. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A neatly-printed, finely-illustrated, and tastefully-bound volume, the first of a "Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," to be issued under the editorial supervision of Bayard Taylor. Each volume of this contemplated series will be complete in itself, and contain a brief sketch of the country to which it is devoted, together with condensations of one or more narratives of early and recent travel, accompanied by illustrations of the scenery, architecture, and the life of the races, drawn only from the most authentic sources. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

REYNARD THE FOX. A Burlesque Poem. From the Low-German original of the Fifteenth Century. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A beautifully-printed and elegantly-bound, red-line edition of a very spirited translation of a satire which, in one shape or another, has long been a great favorite with the people of Germany and France. It is handsomely illustrated, and enclosed in a neat and substantial paper-box. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE, FOR 1872. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

The enterprising Vick has already thus early issued his catalogue for 1872. It is really a handsome book, printed on tinted and hot-pressed paper, and each page inclosed in a red border. A third or more of nearly every page is devoted to accurate, and, in many instances, life-size illustrations of the flowers described in the text. It contains, besides, a handsome colored engraving of choice pansies, and a photograph of Mr. Vick himself. The first edition of

this really artistic and useful annual numbers 200,000 copies. A copy is presented gratis to all Mr. Vick's customers. He will forward it to any one else on receipt of ten cents—not one-fourth its cost. Mr. Vick is, we believe, the largest dealer in seeds in the United States.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE REDEEMED; AND HADES. By James Boggs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1871.

The author of this volume is evidently an earnest Christian, and deeply impressed with the importance of the opinions here advanced. His aim is to confirm the views commonly held concerning the resurrection, practical religion, divine justice, Christ's sufferings, and the state of souls between death and the judgment. We fail to see, however, that he has thrown any new light on these questions, while in some instances he has "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." Speaking of the condition of Christ's body during the period intervening between his resurrection and ascension, he says: "His body was in a kind of an electroid state, of which science has given us some faint glimmerings of light." He also thinks "science seems to intimate to us" that our raised natural bodies "will be in a highly electroid state;" and that "the spiritual body will be possessed of so much electricity, or an electroid, as to neutralize the gravitating power." The precise value of these novel suggestions will be better understood when science succeeds in "glimmering" a little more clearly on the "electroid state."

Concerning the future condition of the wicked, the writer's views are very decided, and in harmony with the old traditions. He believes in a strictly material hell. The volume is not wanting, however, in excellent moral and religious sentiments, and there are many minds that might perhaps read it with interest, notwithstanding it is so largely devoted to the maintenance of views which are antiquated, and rapidly disappearing among the best minds of the Christian world.

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY. By V. F. Townsend. Boston: Loring.

Our readers will remember this fine story as one of the best from the author's gifted pen. It is published in a neat and attractive volume, with a number of fine illustrations.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

The friends of temperance have always stood largely in need of faith and patience—faith in the cause they advocate, and patience to wait for its slow acceptance by the people. Society, as it calls itself, gave temperance a cold shoulder, and vied with tavernkeepers in vitiating the young and tempting the weak—too often degrading social hospitality into mere drinking orgies. The churches were shy, and most of them stood aloof. There was no hope in the men chosen to make laws, for the dram-shop controlled the ballot-box. Public opinion was still at school, and learning very slowly.

But the magnitude of an evil that fills our prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums; that wastes the substance of the humbler classes, and degrades and demoralizes them, making criminals and paupers out of those who, but for dram-selling and drinking, would

be good and useful citizens, is steadily but surely rousing public opinion to a just estimate of the wrong and peril involved in a traffic that works no good, but only evil.

There are some hopeful signs abroad. In Pennsylvania, the simultaneous movement in favor of a "Local Option" law is one of these hopeful signs. This law, if enacted, will give to each township or ward the right to decide by a vote of the people whether there shall or shall not be dram-shops in the township or ward. In this city there are eight thousand places in which liquor is sold by retail—one-half of them licensed, and the other half, to the shame of our municipal authorities be it said, selling without a license. Well, strange but pleasant to relate, a law was passed by our Assembly last winter which empowers the managers of our new House of Correction, Industry and Reform to levy a tax on every liquor-

dealer equal to the amount he pays to the State, on the principle that those who make paupers and criminals shall be taxed for their support. Public notice has been given by the Managers of the House of Correction that no licenses for 1872 will be issued in Philadelphia unless this additional tax be paid at the time the license is applied for.

We record this step onward with a feeling of deep satisfaction. We hardly dare hope for the passage of a "Local Option" law in Pennsylvania this winter, for the beer and whiskey interest in our State is powerful, and commands millions of money, and our legislators are notoriously corrupt. But that, or something better, is sure to come in time, for public opinion is rising slowly to a higher standard.

Let us have faith and patience still.

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF THE PAST YEAR.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*, criticizes somewhat severely, yet in an undoubted spirit of kindness, the literary efforts of American women during the past year. He says that while women have done a respectable share of newspaper and magazine work, and have produced some of the most salable fictions of the year, they have really added little or nothing to the permanent literature of the century. He cites Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Spofford, and Mrs. Whitney as "our representative women in fiction." "It is these," he says, "whom we have to set against 'George Eliot,' Mrs. Mulock Craik, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Edwards, and their compeers, in England." And these, "our representative women," will not, at their best, compare favorably with their English sisters, while their efforts during the past year have fallen far below the excellence of former productions.

We have no special defence to make for the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Minister's Wooing," "Pink and White Tyranny," and "My Wife and I," are certainly neither of them models of artistic and literary excellence. Their author was not aiming so much at that, as to make them vehicles of her opinions and ideas on certain much-discussed points. In doing this they serve their purpose well. When the questions which they discuss are answered or laid aside, they too will necessarily lose their interest. Colonel Higginson is probably equally right in his criticisms upon the other four ladies.

But in making up the sum total of the best literary efforts of American women, we think the Colonel should have been careful not to overlook any female writer who has produced anything which will compare favorably with the writings of English women. This he seems to consider the touchstone of excellence, for he says: "There are probably a dozen women in England who write novels, for instance, that in style, in thought, in characterization, belong to a class absolutely above the very best that our American women produce."

The book to which we refer as having been overlooked, Colonel Higginson may possibly object to, and with reason, that it will not, after all, add to our permanent literature; still it is so far ahead of the average American novel, that we think its author deserves the encouragement of favorable notice. We refer to "Morton House," by the author of "Valerie Aylmer," published by Appleton & Co., of New York.

Here is what the reviewer of the *Christian Union*, who, by the way, seems to be an excellent judge in the matter of books, says of this novel:

"Here is a work of fiction written on native ground,

by a home writer, built up out of American facts, and nevertheless as interesting as the better average of English novels. To say this and mean praise by it, will strike a certain class of readers strangely; yet it is precisely in the fact that English novels really satisfy us Americans to a degree that the home article does not, that our fictitious literature obtains its provincial character. We allude, of course, to the conventional novel, and not to such writers as George Eliot, Thackeray, Hawthorne, or even Dr. Holmes. They all have—or rather the better class have—that indescribable something, that air, that finish which is as highly regarded in the circulating library as good blood and good breeding are in our social circles. This subtle power can be imitated, and we have plenty of imitations. But the genuine essence is only possible to genius, and *Morton House* proves to us that at last we have a writer who understands her public, and who works not to show how brilliant she can be, but simply to produce that literary article which is most acceptable in the regular market. The story is located in the South: yet there is not a word of glorification of lost institutions or lost causes. This species of rubbish is simply brushed one side, and we have society as it is—not a brawling debating club, but an assemblage of individuals concerned in the ordinary ways of life. The plot serves; is thoroughly sensational, and yet tolerably reasonable. The characterizations are good: the conversation is excellent. Above all, the tone is healthy and unostentatiously American. For the sake of our literature we trust that the author will not pause in her new career, which certainly opens with the bravest promise."

But we are not yet done with the article in the *Woman's Journal*. We find in its first paragraph the following sentence, "Men may not do much in that way (i. e., adding to the permanent literature of the country); but be it much or little, women's work is less." The closing paragraph repeats the same idea: "American literature is behindhand generally, no doubt, and American men must bear their share of the blame. But there is at any rate a respectable list of men, who are trying, with their best endeavors, to keep up the standard of our literary work: while if there are such women among us, they certainly do not write novels."

Who are these men? Where are they? Colonel Higginson cannot possibly refer to Mr. Hale, for he does "not write novels"—only short stories and novelettes. Bret Harte writes poetry and sketches of the first order; but he has as yet written no novel. Colonel Higginson himself, one of the most brilliant of American essayists, has given the public no lengthy work of fiction during the past year. John Hays' "Castilian Days" does not come under this term.

Who then are these men "who are trying with their best endeavors to keep up the standard of our literary work?" We have found two of them. Bayard Taylor, early in the year, issued "Joseph and his Friends," a work which perhaps deserves to take its place in our permanent literature. Judging of its literary merits it will stand the test well. It is perfect in construction and perfect in its finish. And in this it surpasses the more recent efforts of the ladies catalogued above. But it is the novel of the cultured, well-read, well-travelled gentleman rather than of the genius. In true genius the writings of Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps far surpass those of Mr. Taylor. They will be read and will appeal to human hearts and human sympathies when the most carefully polished prose writings of Mr. Taylor will be dust-covered and forgotten.

The other gentleman who shares the onus with Bayard Taylor (for it seemed to be too heavy a burden for one man to bear alone—besides, Colonel Higginson uses the word men in its plural form) is De Forest, the author of "Overland." Now it is only the dearth of masculine literature of superior quality that

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

BY EMILY C. JUDSON.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men;
By his deep spirit loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blessed.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky—
Strange, my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted—but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far;
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up he left
The pearly gates ajar.

ARTIE'S BIRDS.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

I'VE a story for darling Metta,
With eyes of heaven's own blue,
And the very best part of my story
Is, that every word is true.

'Tis about my dark-eyed Artie,
And the birds he loved so well,
Before the angels took him
To their beauteous home to dwell.

One day, as we sat by the window,
Two birds were building a house,
And, for fear they might be timid,
We were both "as still as a mouse."

And in and out of the locust,
With ripples and snatches of song,
Bringing and fastening the rafters,
They labored the whole day long.

"Twas a week—one bright May morning,
When, peeping into the nest,
We saw four blue eggs hidden
Under the mother-bird's breast.

And again, a few days after,
Four wide-open mouths were there,
And four little unfledged birdlings,
Needing the mother-bird's care.

Then days passed by unnoticed,
When forth from the locust-tree
There came such wonderful music—
Music for Artie and me.

When my beautiful Artie heard it,
He shouted in childish glee:
"Auntie, the *birdies* are *tinging*—
'*Little birds tinging for me!*'"

Artie passed under the shadow—
He sleeps 'neath a willow-tree—
But in dreams oft I hear him saying,
" '*Little birds tinging for me!*' "

ITALY.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

KNOW'ST thou the land which lovers ought to
choose?

Like blessings there descend the sparkling dew;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless
loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow
sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine
eye

But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night,
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame—
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

RICHARD VANDERMARCK. A Novel. By Mrs. Sidney S. Harris, Author of "Rutledge," "St. Phillips," etc., etc. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

As compared with the average American novel of the day, "Richard Vandermarck" may claim a certain degree of favorable notice. Somewhat wearisome at times, and, though not a remarkably long story, spun out to a much greater length than would seem necessary, it is yet sufficiently interesting in plot to hold the attention of the reader to the end. This end, we may say, is quite satisfactory; though circumstances, alone, appear to have saved the heroine from a life of sin and misery. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

OGOT WE TO VISIT HER? A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards, Author of "Archie Lovell," etc., etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

We are not wholly satisfied with this book of Mrs. Edwards's. It is cleverly written; the characters are clearly drawn; the conversation is natural and easy, and the situations are managed with skill. There is a good deal of keen satire in it, too, and the whole story has a certain moral bearing. But we are not particularly well pleased with the leading characters. A gambler and his pretty, flighty, flirting wife, are not the most profitable company, either in or out of books. There is a pleasantly sentimentalizing to the story, however, which, perhaps, will leave the reader in a charitable and forgiving humor. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

THE RIGHT ONE. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish, by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The pleased readers of the Schwartz novels—and we believe there are many worthy people who derive much pleasure from their perusal—will find the present story quite equal to any that have preceded it from the same source. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE AMERICAN HOME BOOK OF IN-DOOR GAMES, AMUSEMENTS, AND OCCUPATIONS. By Mrs. Caroline L. Smith (Aunt Carrie). Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A delightful little volume, well calculated to ensure that best of all safeguards against vicious habits in the young—a cheerful, pleasant home circle. The varied array of innocent amusements, and the numerous agreeable, and at the same time useful, occupations it presents for the social circle and the family, afford a choice for the most capricious tastes. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP-BAG.—"My Boys," etc. By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," etc., etc.

There is not a boy or a girl who has read "Little Women," and "Little Men," but will be ready to dive into "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag." The liveliest and best story it contains is a sketch of "My Boys," the opening chapter of the book. Then there is a pretty one about her little friend "Buzz," and a touching and suggestive story of "Our Little Newsboy," besides others of equal interest and profit. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. Second Series. Dialogues and Dramas. Arranged by W. Eliot Fette, A.M. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The present series differs from the one preceding it, in that instead of a collection of dialogues which might be grouped into dramas, it offers a number of dramas which may be, if desired, separated into dialogues, nearly every scene containing enough of interest in itself to render it acceptable for either drawing-room or school exhibitions. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

KATHIE'S STORIES. "Kathie's Soldiers," "In the Ranks," and "Kathie's Harvest Days." By Miss A. M. Douglas, Author of "In Trust," etc., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Three charming little stories, gracefully told, healthy in sentiment, and just such books as girls delight in reading. They make up the six volumes to which, we believe, the "Kathie" series is limited. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LUCIA: Her Problem. By Amanda M. Douglas, Author of "In Trust," etc., etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

We have here one of Miss Douglas's more ambitious efforts. Many readers, it may be, will find it a book of deep and absorbing interest. In our judgment, however, it is unhealthy in tone and sentiment. The story, in brief, is of a young girl who, to escape from an uncongenial home, marries a man much older than herself. Becoming tired, at length, of her husband, whom she has "outgrown" morally and intellectually, she falls in love with another man, who comes more fully up to her ideal of masculine perfection—especially as he is younger and better looking. After various complications, she is freed from her "uncongenial" husband by an opportune railroad accident, and is at liberty to marry her second love. It is to be regretted that an American writer should have found it necessary to fall back on a plot so threadbare and unprofitable. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

RUBY DUKE. By Mrs. H. K. Potwin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A well-intentioned, rather than a remarkably well-written novel, the unexceptionably moral tone of which will, no doubt, secure for it readers and admirers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

PAUL THE PEDDLER; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET MERCHANT. By Horatio Alger, Jr., Author of "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc. Boston: Loring, Publisher.

A plain, practical story of boy life among the poor in a great city: one that boys may read with profit and pleasure. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

SING-SONG. A Nursery Rhyme Book. By Christina G. Rossetti. With one hundred and twenty illustrations, by Arthur Hughes. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Miss Rossetti has written many sweet poems in her day. But as a competitor for the crown that has so

long rested upon the venerable head of Mother Goose, as in the present volume of "Sing-Song," she seems to have become, her notes are not particularly creditable. With all of Mother Goose's apparent nonsense, her rhymes have none of the hidden wisdom contained in the nursery jingles of the worthy old dame, whom she has had the boldness to attempt to rival. The illustrations of her pretty volume, however, are eminently quaint and pleasing. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

JAPAN, IN OUR DAY. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A neatly-printed, finely-illustrated, and tastefully-bound volume, the first of a "Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," to be issued under the editorial supervision of Bayard Taylor. Each volume of this contemplated series will be complete in itself, and contain a brief sketch of the country to which it is devoted, together with condensations of one or more narratives of early and recent travel, accompanied by illustrations of the scenery, architecture, and the life of the races, drawn only from the most authentic sources. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

REYNARD THE FOX. A Burlesque Poem. From the Low-German original of the Fifteenth Century. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A beautifully-printed and elegantly-bound, red-line edition of a very spirited translation of a satire which, in one shape or another, has long been a great favorite with the people of Germany and France. It is handsomely illustrated, and enclosed in a neat and substantial paper-box. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE, FOR 1872. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

The enterprising Vick has already thus early issued his catalogue for 1872. It is really a handsome book, printed on tinted and hot-pressed paper, and each page inclosed in a red border. A third or more of nearly every page is devoted to accurate, and, in many instances, life-size illustrations of the flowers described in the text. It contains, besides, a handsome colored engraving of choice pansies, and a photograph of Mr. Vick himself. The first edition of

this really artistic and useful annual numbers 200,000 copies. A copy is presented gratis to all Mr. Vick's customers. He will forward it to any one else on receipt of ten cents—not one-fourth its cost. Mr. Vick is, we believe, the largest dealer in seeds in the United States.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE REDEEMED; AND HADES. By James Boggs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1871.

The author of this volume is evidently an earnest Christian, and deeply impressed with the importance of the opinions here advanced. His aim is to confirm the views commonly held concerning the resurrection, practical religion, divine justice, Christ's sufferings, and the state of souls between death and the judgment. We fail to see, however, that he has thrown any new light on these questions, while in some instances he has "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." Speaking of the condition of Christ's body during the period intervening between his resurrection and ascension, he says: "His body was in a kind of an electroid state, of which science has given us some faint glimmerings of light." He also thinks "science seems to intimate to us" that our raised natural bodies "will be in a highly electroid state;" and that "the spiritual body will be possessed of so much electricity, or an electroid, as to neutralize the gravitating power." The precise value of these novel surgesions will be better understood when science succeeds in "glimmering" a little more clearly on the "electroid state."

Concerning the future condition of the wicked, the writer's views are very decided, and in harmony with the old traditions. He believes in a strictly material hell. The volume is not wanting, however, in excellent moral and religious sentiments, and there are many minds that might perhaps read it with interest, notwithstanding it is so largely devoted to the maintenance of views which are antiquated, and rapidly disappearing among the best minds of the Christian world.

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY. By V. F. Townsend. Boston: Loring.

Our readers will remember this fine story as one of the best from the author's gifted pen. It is published in a neat and attractive volume, with a number of fine illustrations.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

The friends of temperance have always stood largely in need of faith and patience—faith in the cause they advocate, and patience to wait for its slow acceptance by the people. Society, as it calls itself, gave temperance a cold shoulder, and vied with tavern-keepers in vitiating the young and tempting the weak—to often degrading social hospitality into more drinking orgies. The churches were shy, and most of them stood aloof. There was no hope in the men chosen to make laws, for the dram-shop controlled the ballot-box. Public opinion was still at school, and learning very slowly.

But the magnitude of an evil that fills our prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums; that wastes the substance of the humbler classes, and degrades and demoralizes them, making criminals and paupers out of those who, but for dram-selling and drinking, would

be good and useful citizens, is steadily but surely rousing public opinion to a just estimate of the wrong and peril involved in a traffic that works no good, but only evil.

There are some hopeful signs abroad. In Pennsylvania, the simultaneous movement in favor of a "Local Option" law is one of these hopeful signs. This law, if enacted, will give to each township or ward the right to decide by a vote of the people whether there shall or shall not be dram-shops in the township or ward. In this city there are eight thousand places in which liquor is sold by retail—one-half of them licensed, and the other half, to the shame of our municipal authorities be it said, selling without a license. Well, strange but pleasant to relate, a law was passed by our Assembly last winter which empowers the managers of our new House of Correction, Industry and Reform to levy a tax on every liquor-

dealer equal to the amount he pays to the State, on the principle that those who make paupers and criminals shall be taxed for their support. Public notice has been given by the Managers of the House of Correction that no licenses for 1872 will be issued in Philadelphia unless this additional tax be paid at the time the license is applied for.

We record this step onward with a feeling of deep satisfaction. We hardly dare hope for the passage of a "Local Option" law in Pennsylvania this winter, for the beer and whiskey interest in our State is powerful, and commands millions of money, and our legislators are notoriously corrupt. But that, or something better, is sure to come in time, for public opinion is rising slowly to a higher standard.

Let us have faith and patience still.

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF THE PAST YEAR.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*, criticizes somewhat severely, yet in an undoubted spirit of kindness, the literary efforts of American women during the past year. He says that while women have done a respectable share of newspaper and magazine work, and have produced some of the most salable fictions of the year, they have really added little or nothing to the permanent literature of the century. He cites Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Spofford, and Mrs. Whitney as "our representative women in fiction." "It is these," he says, "whom we have to set against 'George Eliot,' Mrs. Mulock Craik, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Edwards, and their compeers, in England." And these, "our representative women," will not, at their best, compare favorably with their English sisters, while their efforts during the past year have fallen far below the excellence of former productions.

We have no special defence to make for the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Minister's Wooing," "Pink and White Tyranny," and "My Wife and I," are certainly neither of them models of artistic and literary excellence. Their author was not aiming so much at that, as to make them vehicles of her opinions and ideas on certain much-discussed points. In doing this they serve their purpose well. When the questions which they discuss are answered or laid aside, they too will necessarily lose their interest. Colonel Higginson is probably equally right in his criticisms upon the other four ladies.

But in making up the sum total of the best literary efforts of American women, we think the Colonel should have been careful not to overlook any female writer who has produced anything which will compare favorably with the writings of English women. This he seems to consider the touchstone of excellence, for he says: "There are probably a dozen women in England who write novels, for instance, that in style, in thought, in characterization, belong to a class absolutely above the very best that our American women produce."

The book to which we refer as having been overlooked, Colonel Higginson may possibly object to, and with reason, that it will not, after all, add to our permanent literature; still it is so far ahead of the average American novel, that we think its author deserves the encouragement of favorable notice. We refer to "Morton House," by the author of "Valerie Aylmer," published by Appleton & Co., of New York.

Here is what the reviewer of the *Christian Union*, who, by the way, seems to be an excellent judge in the matter of books, says of this novel:

"Here is a work of fiction written on native ground,

by a home writer, built up out of American facts, and nevertheless as interesting as the better average of English novels. To say this and mean praise by it, will strike a certain class of readers strangely; yet it is precisely in the fact that English novels really satisfy us Americans to a degree that the home article does not, that our fictitious literature obtains its provincial character. We allude, of course, to the conventional novel, and not to such writers as George Eliot, Thackeray, Hawthorne, or even Dr. Holmes. They all have—or rather the better class have—that indescribable something, that air, that finish which is as highly regarded in the circulating library as good blood and good breeding are in our social circles. This subtle power can be imitated, and we have plenty of imitations. But the genuine essence is only possible to genius, and *Morton House* proves to us that at last we have a writer who understands her public, and who works not to show how brilliant she can be, but simply to produce that literary article which is most acceptable in the regular market. The story is located in the South: yet there is not a word of glorification of lost institutions or lost causes. This species of rubbish is simply brushed one side, and we have society as it is—not a brawling debating club, but an assemblage of individuals concerned in the ordinary ways of life. The plot serves; is thoroughly sensational, and yet tolerably reasonable. The characterizations are good: the conversation is excellent. Above all, the tone is healthy and unostentatiously American. For the sake of our literature we trust that the author will not pause in her new career, which certainly opens with the bravest promise."

But we are not yet done with the article in the *Woman's Journal*. We find in its first paragraph the following sentence: "Men may not do much in that way; (i. e., adding to the permanent literature of the country;) but be it much or little, women's work is less." The closing paragraph repeats the same idea: "American literature is behindhand generally, no doubt, and American men must bear their share of the blame. But there is at any rate a respectable list of men, who are trying, with their best endeavors, to keep up the standard of our literary work: while if there are such women among us, they certainly do not write novels."

Who are these men? Where are they? Colonel Higginson cannot possibly refer to Mr. Hale, for he does "not write novels"—only short stories and novelettes. Bret Harte writes poetry and sketches of the first order; but he has as yet written no novel. Colonel Higginson himself, one of the most brilliant of American essayists, has given the public no lengthy work of fiction during the past year. John Hays' "Castilian Days" does not come under this term.

Who then are these men "who are trying with their best endeavors to keep up the standard of our literary work?" We have found two of them. Bayard Taylor, early in the year, issued "Joseph and his Friends," a work which perhaps deserves to take its place in our permanent literature. Judging of its literary merits it will stand the test well. It is perfect in construction and perfect in its finish. And in this it surpasses the more recent efforts of the ladies catalogued above. But it is the novel of the cultured, well-read, well-travelled gentleman rather than of the genius. In true genius the writings of Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps far surpass those of Mr. Taylor. They will be read and will appeal to human hearts and human sympathies when the most carefully polished prose writings of Mr. Taylor will be dust-covered and forgotten.

The other gentleman who shares the onus with Bayard Taylor—for it seemed to be too heavy a burden for one man to bear alone—besides, Colonel Higginson uses the word men in its plural form) is De Forest, the author of "Overland." Now it is only the dearth of masculine literature of superior quality that

has led us to settle on this author. "Overland" is an interesting story. Its descriptions of scenery are vivid and entertaining. But, having said that, we have said all. Its literary merits in many respects fall below the proper standard; and, bestowing upon it our most favorable judgment, we can hardly hope for it a place in our "permanent literature."

Let Colonel Higginson be as severe as he pleases in dealing with our women authors. But in order to impress upon them the magnitude of their shortcomings, let him be careful that he does not overstep the bounds of justice. If we were to correct his statement, we should say, so long as he himself introduces the comparison between the sexes, women have done nothing during the past year toward adding to our standard American fictitious literature—to their confusion be it spoken—but men have been equally remiss.

A LESSON FROM THE GALLOWES.

There is a text for a sermon, and a subject for anxious and earnest thought for all who have the welfare of mankind at heart, in the opening sentences of the confession of John Ware, who was recently hung in Camden for the murder of his father. He says: "I am twenty-three years of age. I can neither read nor write; and, as I told one of my family a few days ago, if I had received half the attention before I got here that I have since, I would never have seen the inside of this cage."

Brought up in ignorance, condemned to the associations of an unhappy home, inheriting the nature, and witnessing the example of a passionate and profligate father, we can scarcely wonder that his life has ended thus early and violently.

Clergymen labored with him; members of the Young Men's Christian Association visited him; women called on him or sent messages of kindness; but he remained obdurate and unrepentant to the last. With a keenness of perception, for which we must give him credit, he recognized the truth which he so clearly states, and clung morbidly and tenaciously to it.

If these clergymen—if these well-meaning men and women—had shown but a tithe of the interest in him before the commission of his crime—had labored one-half as hard to redeem him from a life of ignorance and evil, these their agonized efforts would have been all unnecessary.

With Ware it was too late. But there are others, young and impressionable, standing just where he stood before his feet slipped over the verge into the awful abyss which divides the murderer from one guiltless of blood—others who are going on steadily and surely toward destruction, whom words of kindness, and acts indicative of interest in their welfare, may save from a career of vice and a despairing death. The influence of these lives will be powerful for good or for evil, just according as these words and acts are used or withheld—an influence wide-spread and to be traced through all time. Where rests the responsibility?

THE FLOWER SIGNAL.

A graceful and sweet picture, suggestive of love and romance, is the one with this title in our present number.

A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

In our next number will be commenced Miss Townsend's new story, which will be a sequel to "A DOLLAR A DAY." Our readers may look for one of the most powerful of the gifted author's productions.

ANOTHER GOOD SIGN.

The people of Syracuse, New York, have the honor of inaugurating a movement in favor of good morals, which we hope to see imitated all over the United States. On the 15th of December every newsdealer in that city was indicted by the grand jury, and summoned to appear before the court, for exposing for sale and selling obscene pictorial weeklies. It is amazing, seeing how vile some of these papers are, that such a movement has not long ago been made. We trust the court in Syracuse will set a good example.

UNITED STATES WATCH CO.

We call attention to the advertisement of United States Watch Co. in this number of HOME MAGAZINE. There are no watches superior to those manufactured by this company. On second page of cover will be found our offer to send their \$150 gold watch as a premium for subscribers. Besides this watch, we offer as premiums a range of gold and silver watches from \$40 up to \$250, all made by this celebrated company. A special circular giving terms sent to all who desire to receive it.

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Children's Hour, one year, \$2.50
Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, . . . 4.00
Children's Hour and Godey's Lady's Book, . . . 3.50
"Home," "Hour," and "Lady's Book," . . . 5.00

OUR PREMIUM CHROMO.

Our premium to getters-up of clubs for next year will be a charming original "Chromo," entitled "THE CURIOUS MOUSE," expressly made for us by Messrs. Duval & Hunter of our city. Each copy of this beautiful work of art will cost us more than double the price paid for our elegant steel engravings, and we intend giving it as a premium for every club of subscribers, large or small.

All who have seen this Chromo pronounce it one of the sweetest and most attractive pictures recently published. It represents two dear little girls in a church pew surprised in the midst of the service by the sudden appearance of a mouse on the cushions. The startled look on their faces as they glance side-long over their book at the tiny intruder is very quaint and amusing. It cannot fail to be a favorite picture with all who receive it.

TAKE NOTICE.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son.

Always give name of your town, county, and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

When money is sent for any other publication than our own, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ends.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters.

Before writing us a letter of inquiry, examine the above and see if the question you wish to ask is not answered.